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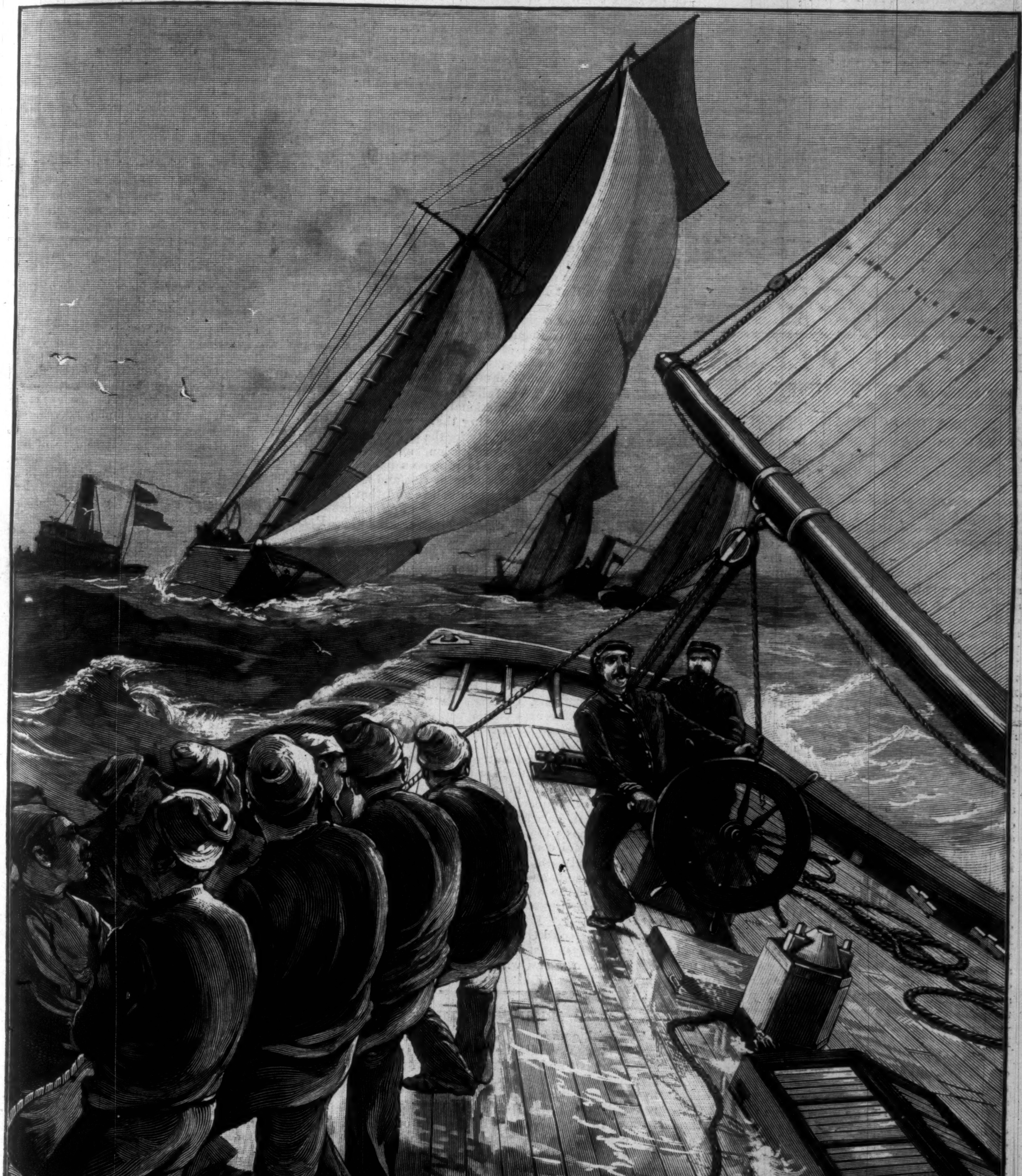

ON BOARD THE *PURITAN*—"GETTING AFT THE MAIN-SHEET."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON AND M. J. BURNS.—[SEE PAGE 599.]

FRAUD.

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The beginning of the school year is the occasion for an interesting picture on the front page of the current number, which will appeal strongly to many youthful hearts. It is entitled "Bessie's First Day at School." Immediately following it is a charming article, called "Other People's School-Days," by LUCIE C. LILLIE.

The principal illustration is a full-page engraving after a drawing by J. O. DAVIDSON, *the well-known marine artist. It is entitled*

"ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP."

Accompanying it is a short article on the "America" cup races.

Other illustrations are "Our Mud-turtle Artist," by F. S. CHURCH, N.A., *and "Sea Urchins."*

In fiction there is an illustrated short story, "How She Won the Medal," by MARIA L. POOL, *an installment of "Two Arrows," and two other short stories.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1885.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S SPEECH.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S speech in opening the Republican campaign in Ohio was delivered after careful deliberation, and upon a complete survey of the political situation. Mr. SHERMAN is one of the most experienced and able of Republican leaders. He holds and has long held high official position, and his services as Secretary of the Treasury are to be honorably mentioned with those of the most distinguished Secretaries, of whom HAMILTON was the first. The striking political events of the year indicate remarkable changes in the general view of the political situation, and the views of a man like Senator SHERMAN could not fail to be both interesting and significant as showing the tendency of Republican thought and probable Republican policy. The Senator's speech is therefore extremely discouraging. It is a declaration that the late enemies of the government "have been restored to power, and hope practically to reverse all the results of the war." It follows that the Republican policy must be the salvation of those results, and, as the context of the speech shows, this is to be accomplished by securing a fair vote and an honest count at every poll in the Southern States by the power of the national government. But if the statements and implications and propositions of the Senator's speech are to be adopted as the Republican platform, the continued exclusion of the party from power is assured, because for fifteen years all these statements have been put forth as Republican doctrine and policy, and during that time the party has declined from an overwhelming and enthusiastic ascendency to national defeat and overthrow. That is to say, the American people, after the most patient hearing and consideration, and upon full knowledge, do not believe the statements *as made* to be true. That there was a war they know. That there have been wrongs and outrages upon the colored citizens they do not doubt. But that the Southern leaders are still virtually rebels, and that they deliberately maintain a system of oppression of the negro for the purpose of "reversing all the results of the war," they do not believe.

Such assertions as those of Senator SHERMAN proceed with an ill grace from a party leader whose party in Virginia has just nominated for the Governorship of the State one of the very rebel leaders whom he describes. There is no more reason to doubt General LEE'S fidelity to the Union and government than General WISE'S. There is no more reason to question the honorable acquiescence in the results of the war of General JOHNSTON, or of Senator HAMPTON, or of Secretary LAMAR, than there was for WASHINGTON to doubt the loyalty to the Constitution of PATRICK HENRY, or EDMUND RANDOLPH, or Colonel JOHN LAMB, all of whom had strenuously opposed its adoption. Mr. RANDOLPH was one of the three members of the Constitutional Convention who refused to sign his name to the Constitution. But WASHINGTON made him Attorney-General. PATRICK HENRY led the Virginia opposition to the adoption of the Constitution. But WASHINGTON offered him the Secretaryship of State when JEFFERSON resigned. And although Colonel JOHN LAMB, in New York, was so conspicuously opposed to the Constitution that his house was mobbed, WASHINGTON made him the first Collector of the Port. Of course he satisfied himself that however hostile all these men had been to the Constitution, they were then faithful. How is it now? The war was begun by the Southern leaders, under the plea of State sovereignty, to secure slavery. It ended in an unconditional surrender of the armies of secession, and in the adoption of three amendments to the Constitution, one prohibiting slavery forever, one making all native-born or naturalized persons citizens, and one prohibiting the abridgment by any State of the right of citizens to vote, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Senator SHERMAN says that the Southern leaders propose to reverse these results. But certainly nobody in any part of the country proposes practically to enforce the old theory of State sovereignty, or to restore slavery, the abolition of which was the great result of the war, while wrongs upon the suffrage in some parts of the Southern States, like other wrongs upon it in Northern States, are either not remediable by national legislation, or the Republican party has proved its inability to deal with them. If the national government can redress the wrongs of the suffrage in the Southern States, why have they not been redressed during the long Republican ascendency, or in what way would the party redress them should it return to power?

The wrongs upon suffrage where they exist, whether in the violence and fraud of the old Slave States, or in the fraud and moral coercion of the old Free States, are great outrages. Bribery and corruption are no less crimes against the suffrage than terror. But is it likely that Republican restoration would be secured by denouncing wrongs which Republican administration did not correct? Senator SHERMAN seems not to perceive that Republican administration was overthrown, not because of indifference to wrongs upon the suffrage, but because of the determination that political leaders who did not try to remedy them should not use them successfully as arguments to secure support for unworthy national and State candidates. If the Senator, in saying that "we are for the exercise of national authority for the preservation of rights conferred by the Constitution," means that the Republican party intends to propose a national supervision of the State polls and primaries, and what may be called a national election police, and that it will nominate irreproachable candidates to enforce that policy, the issue will be intelligible. But the actual course of events seems to show that the effort to make such legislation the decisive question, in disregard of the familiar facts of the situation, will not prosper. The truth is that the negro problem in many parts of the Southern States is not what it is in Ohio and New York, and it is the popular knowledge of that fact, and the consciousness of the extreme difficulty of dealing with it most wisely and humanely, which has strongly affected Republican opinion and action in the Northern States. In his very significant article, "Impressions of the South," in the September HARPER, Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER says: "The Southerners will not permit such Legislatures as those assembled once in Louisiana and South Carolina to rule them again. 'Will you disfranchise the blacks by management or by force'? 'Well, what would you do in Ohio or Connecticut? Would you be ruled by a lot of ignorant field hands allied with a gang of plunderers?'" The question, as every intelligent man feels, is one of extreme difficulty, and experience shows that it is not to be settled without the most careful consideration of all kinds of rights concerned, and certainly not by insisting that those who distrust such an alliance are plotting to reverse the results of the war. Unless we are greatly mistaken, Senator SHERMAN misconceives the real Republican feeling. It is very probable that Mr. FORAKER will be elected Governor of Ohio, but it will not be for the reason that the people of Ohio really think that Southern voters wish to reverse the results of the war.

IRISH PROSPECTS.

THE Irish question is still one of the most interesting in foreign politics, because the dream of FLOOD and GRATTAN and EMMET and O'CONNELL seems to be approaching realization. Everything seems now to indicate that some important concession of home rule will soon be granted, and that the practical difference in Parliament will be rather of the extent and conditions of the grant than of the grant itself. If the event should justify this anticipation, the result will have been accomplished under a leadership singularly devoid of the brilliancy and eloquence which have distinguished all other epochs of the contest. As a public figure Mr. PARNELL lacks almost all of the popular and picturesque qualities which have commended other Irish leaders to the enthusiastic devotion of their countrymen. His most marked characteristic to the general and distant observer is a cold tenacity of purpose and a total disregard of all interests except the self-government of Ireland. To attain this object he is apparently ready to ally himself with any party in England and to vote for any measure affecting England, not from any consideration of its possible advantage to that country, but solely as a bargain to advance his Irish purpose.

The latest incident of significance is the letter in the London *Times* of Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD, who was a special British magistrate under the late Viceroy, Earl SPENCER. Mr. LLOYD has studied the subject upon the spot and with peculiar advantages, and his statement of "The Needs of Ireland" is very radical and forcible. He advocates local self-government, the abolition of the whole system of Irish bureaucracy, and the incorporation of Ireland as an integral part of the United Kingdom, instead of retaining it, as now, virtually as a colony or a province under a Viceroy, although with a certain representation in Parliament. In certain details he agrees with what is called Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S plan, which contemplates county boards with large powers of initiative. This scheme is hostile to the "Castle" government, which would doubtless struggle to maintain its own existence. This would be the turning-point of the contest, for the Castle represents that foreign rule which Irish "nationalism" would expel. But Mr. LLOYD condemns home rule as demanded by Mr. PARNELL, arguing that it would devastate the country with civil war.

On the day of the publication of Mr. LLOYD'S letter Mr. PARNELL entertained the Dublin Municipal Council in the "sweet vale of Avoca," and declared that there could be no revival of the native Irish industries without a free elective national assembly having control of all the political and economical affairs of the country. That would leave a merely nominal connection with Great Britain, and it is incompatible, of course, with Mr. LLOYD'S plan of integral union with England. No State in the American Union has control of all its financial and economical affairs. The Union, indeed, was formed because such control was possible under the Confederacy, and a government which could tax every citizen in every State, in other words, a government acting directly upon every one who was subject to it, was found to be indispensable. Mr. PARNELL'S demand, as reported, is that of practical national independence. But that demand does not lessen the probability of the early adoption of some important scheme of home rule such as Mr. LLOYD indicates. The great argument for integral union is that Ireland is practically an integral part of the territory of Great Britain, and that the present situation is untenable. Mr. PARNELL'S latest speech is interpreted in England as a demand for repeal of the Union, and the London *Times* says that the Irish question has become one not of self-government, but of independence. The *Standard* says that he has declared war, and that both parties in England must unite to baffle him. Lord HARTINGTON echoes the *Standard* in saying that no party would ever concede Mr. PARNELL'S demands, and that all parties must combine to keep the empire intact. Meanwhile the Irish party hopes easily to hold the balance of power in Parliament, and, carrying party discipline and organization far beyond ours, the home rule constituencies are advised to select no candidates without first consulting Mr. PARNELL, and to vote for no candidate who will not sign a pledge to act and vote with the Parnellites, and to resign if a majority of their colleagues so order. The two great English parties are bidding for the support of Mr. PARNELL, who will cast nearly ninety votes in Parliament, and it is not surprising that he exclaims with exultation that the struggle of seven hundred years is about to end, that only the Irish can defeat themselves, that the English Parliament can not stay the result, and that Ireland has now "met and beaten the worst that England can do."

MR. LOWELL AT ASHFIELD.

To those who personally know Mr. LOWELL, our late Minister to England, the stories which have been told of his want of sympathy with his native country or his loss of confidence in American institutions have been very amusing. His address upon Democracy, delivered in England while he was still Minister, is one of the profoundest, ablest, and most inspiring papers ever written upon that subject. No American Minister anywhere ever made, and few Americans could make, a plea so admirable for the essential American principle, while none of our chief authors is more distinctively American than LOWELL. Indeed, it might be truly said that nothing is so truly American in our higher literature as the *Biglow Papers*, which are the racy overflow of Yankee wit, wisdom, and conscience.

The other day, in the little rural village of Ashfield, in the western part of Massachusetts, and to an audience of genuine New-Englanders who cherish the truest American traditions, Mr. LOWELL made a delightful speech at a dinner in honor and aid of the village academy, in which he said:

> "But I couldn't fail to be struck on my return home with a certain distrust of America which has leaked out from certain remarks in certain newspapers as to whether a man could live eight years out of America without preferring Europe. I have known the same remark to be made of people who have not lived in Europe so long, and it seems to me to import what I should call a very unworthy distrust of the power of America to inspire affection. I feel to-day in looking into your faces somewhat as I did when I took my first walk over the hills after my return. The tears came into my eyes as I was welcomed by the familiar way-side flowers, the trees, and

the birds that had been my earliest friends. It seems to me that those who take such a view quite miscalculate the force of the affection that a man feels for his country. It is something deeper than a sentiment—infinitely deeper—deeper than any instinct. It is the feeling of self-renunciation and idealization which Ruth of old expressed to Naomi: 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.' This, it seems to me, is the instinctive feeling that a man has for his native land."

This is nobly and beautifully said, but this feeling does not exclude the ability to observe and the duty to mention the faults of one's country. The friend who flatters is not so good a friend as he who holds us to our own ideal, and **Washington** was not less a patriot because he warned his countrymen against pits into which they were likely to fall. In **Couture**'s famous picture of the decadence of Rome, the old Romans who look with sad rebuke upon the wild orgy of luxurious debauchery are truly Romans, and carry in their mien and hearts the secret of "the grandeur that was Rome," while the effeminate revellers disgrace the name. It is Mr. **Lowell**'s kind of Americanism, and not the kind that brags and swaggers, which makes the name of America the proudest in the world.

A NOMINATION BY PRESIDENT WASHINGTON REJECTED.

The question of the probable action of the Senate in regard to the nominations of the President recalls the first instance of the rejection of a nomination by the Senate. It was **Washington**'s nomination of Colonel **Benjamin Fishbourne** as Naval Officer at Savannah.

Washington, while promptly substituting another name, sent a respectful remonstrance to the Senate, showing a painful consciousness of what he considered to be a reflection cast upon his judgment or his motives. He said that he did not doubt the reasons for rejection seemed to the Senate to be ample, but he submitted whether, when the propriety of a nomination appeared to be questionable, it might not be expedient to ask the reasons. He proceeded at once to state the grounds upon which he had made the nomination, which were entirely conclusive. **Washington**'s statement was so impressive that the Senate immediately confirmed the nomination of the substitute, and no other nomination of **Washington**'s was ever rejected.

The only reason known for the refusal of the Senate to confirm Colonel **Fishbourne** was the opposition of the Senators from Georgia, which was supposed to be political, and of the kind which has since become so familiar. This incident furnishes the first illustration in our annals of the monstrous abuse known as the courtesy of the Senate.

FOURTH-CLASS POST-OFFICES AGAIN.

There are some forty-seven or forty-eight thousand fourth-class post-offices in the country, and those who infer that the changes in them which are daily announced show a total disregard of reform should consider such statements as these of the Albany *Evening Journal*, which says:

> "We have already dwelt upon the special obstacles in the way of Republican organization this year, owing to the changes in so many fourth-class post-offices."

This is a simple and truthful assertion of the general prostitution of such public offices to party uses, which confirms the remark of a noted Republican politician, which we have already quoted:

> "Most of the work in the various country localities has in the past been done for the Republican party by them" (the fourth-class postmasters).

The *Sun* also, which is the most zealous opponent of civil service reform, says very truly of the fourth-class postmasters:

> "Their snuggeries in the hamlets are the rendezvous where the home caucuses are held, and views interchanged, and newspapers distributed, and plans laid for the campaigns in the towns and counties. These little post-offices have a great deal of influence in the politics of these neighborhoods, in selecting the delegates to the primary convocations whence originate those larger conventions which nominate the most important officers, and on election days, when pulling together, they exert a mighty power in determining results."

We have cited these statements before. But they will bear repetition and prolonged meditation. They show one of the most general and wide-spread abuses of the public service, which the Administration declares that it is correcting. But it is not an abuse which can be corrected by turning out a Republican offender and turning in a Democratic offender of the same kind. If the Democratic successor abuses his office in the same way, he should follow his predecessor out of office. But if he does not follow him out of office, if he should be still retained to do "most of the work in the various country localities for the Democratic party," a general exposure of that fact would furnish stronger evidence than has yet been offered of the character of the reform declarations of the Administration.

A WORD TO PARENTS.

There are many parents of feeble-minded children who are unwilling to sever the home relation even for a time by placing them in a public institution, although this is often undoubtedly the wiser course; but the peculiar fondness of affection with which parents regard the more unfortunate of their children often forbids.

Such parents would gladly avail themselves of the skill of some teacher qualified for the proper education of such children at home; but such qualified teachers are very few, because they must have a natural vocation added to a peculiar ability. Mr. **James B. Richards**, of 128 East Twelfth Street, is such a teacher, who has had large experience, and who proposes to attend at their homes a few children who may be intrusted to his care. Mr. **Richards** began as an assistant of the late Dr. S. G. **Howe**, by whom he was most highly esteemed, and his credentials of especial fitness for his task, by character, temperament, experience, knowledge, and sympathy, are of the highest character. We can speak of him from personal knowledge, and commend him warmly to those who may have occasion for his services.

A "SO-CALLED" TEST.

The Republican State Committee of New York very wisely resolved that it would be best to call the primaries "without regard to any so-called fundamental test," and the Boston *Herald* says truly that when a "fundamental test" falls to the low condition of being dubbed "so-called" by a State Committee, it may fairly be regarded as abolished for good.

Of course a committee or a party may establish whatever tests it may prefer as conditions of voting under its auspices, but it can not touch the essential right of an American citizen to vote as he chooses.

Meanwhile the fundamental test of the value of a party is the promise which it gives by the character of its candidates, by the methods of its management, by the views of its leaders, and by its previous conduct that it will prove to be an agency of good government.

THE CHOLERA.

The old stories of the plague are recalled by the ravages of the cholera in Spain. This summer will be remembered in Spain like the years of the Black Death in England seven centuries ago, and the details of suffering and terror, even as they are reported by the telegraph, are harrowing. Modern science is apparently baffled by this pest, except that it urges the necessity of sanitary precautions. The cholera vaccination is evidently a doubtful experiment, although perhaps not more so than that for small-pox at the beginning. **Jenner**'s invaluable discovery was received with icy skepticism. It led to bitter controversy, and Parliament reluctantly granted to this incomparable benefactor a sum of money, which it reduced by one-half from the original proposition.

Thus far in the season this country has fortunately escaped the cholera. But even if it should not appear this year, the experience of Europe shows us that its course and tour of the world will hardly be arrested. Last summer it desolated Marseilles and some parts of Italy. But it lay quiet during the winter, only to seize furiously upon Spain this year. It is again also in the south of France, and it has appeared in Italy and in China and Japan. The probability is, even if we wholly escape this year, that the pestilence may show itself here next season.

Forewarned is fore-armed. Not only should every kind of sanitary precaution be enforced by the local authorities everywhere, but every intelligent person should put his own system into the best possible state of defense by temperance and moderation. All plagues like the cholera feed upon filth and feebleness, and they always take the least fatal hold of a clean and temperate community like a rural village. Their ravages are always greatest in a dirty city.

A JUST CAUSE OF NATIONAL PRIDE.

Five or six years ago the late Hon. **Lewis H. Morgan**, of Rochester, one of the most thoroughly accomplished ethnologists and archæological scholars in the United States, wrote that "American archæology is in such a low condition that we have scarcely such a science among us."

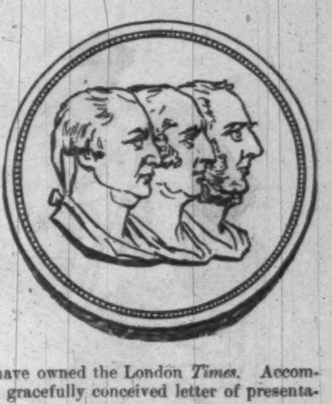
This year the Archæological Institute of America—in the organization of which Mr. **Morgan** was deeply interested, and to whose first annual report he contributed an important "Study of the Home of the American Aborigines," which is substantially the fifth part of his great work on *Ancient Society*—is able to state that the reports of Mr. **Adolph F. Bandelier**, of Highland, Illinois, upon the Pueblo Indians and remains in New Mexico, are among the most valuable contributions ever made to the study of aboriginal life upon this continent. The researches of Mr. **Bandelier**, one of the most thoroughly accomplished of special scholars in Spanish American antiquities, have been made under the auspices and as the agent of the Archæological Institute.

At the same time the investigations at Assos, in Asia Minor, by Mr. **Clarke**, have been of the highest interest, and his report, says the executive committee of the Institute, "will prove to be one of the most important contributions made during the present century to the knowledge of civic Greek antiquity. Assos has been explored and recovered as no other Greek city has been." Besides this work, Dr. W. H. **Ward**, of New York, is now conducting an expedition to Babylonia, and in addition to prosecuting these enterprises the Institute has established the school of classical studies at Athens, to which we have occasionally referred. Mr. **Morgan** could no longer reproach us with the deadness of archæological studies, and no man could appreciate more truly than he the service to actual knowledge and to the reputation of genuine American scholarship which has been achieved by the Archæological Institute. Of the New York society or branch Mr. **Frederic J. Depeyster** is president, and the vice-presidents are Assistant Bishop **Potter**, Chief Justice **Daly**, president of the Geographical Society, Rev. Dr. **Howard Crosby**, and **Henry G. Marquand**, Esq.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer, of the *Staats-Zeitung*, has given $100,000 to his native town, Zwittau, Austria, for the erection of a building to be used as a poor-house and orphan asylum. Some years ago he built a school-house there for boys at a cost of $20,000, and his present gift is in accordance with a promise then made. Mr. **Ottendorfer** is already identified with the charities of this country. He and the late Mrs. **Ottendorfer** built a dispensary and private library on Second Avenue, near Eighth Street, New York, at an expense of $150,000. Soon afterward he presented 8000 volumes to the library. He has several times been president of the German Society. He has contributed liberally to the German Hospital Association, and to St. John's Guild. He is one of the founders of the Manhattanville Benevolent Society. Mr. **Ottendorfer**'s oration at Bingen-on-the-Rhine last Fourth of July, in which he showed how German Americans reconcile their American patriotism with affection for the father-land, was widely commented on by the German press. He returns this week from a long visit to Germany. Thirty-four years ago he first set foot on American soil, and became a clerk in the counting-room of the *Staats-Zeitung*. Eight years afterward he had become the editor-in-chief of that great newspaper. The late Mrs. **Ottendorfer** distributed more than $600,000 in public charities.

—Mr. **George Jones**, of the New York *Times*, has received from Mr. **John Walter**, of the London *Times*, one of the silver medals prepared a few weeks ago in honor of the centennial anniversary of the latter journal. The souvenir, which is about one-third wider than a silver dollar, and about twice as heavy, contains the inscription, "Centennial Celebration. *The Times*. Bearwood, 1885," surrounding a dial of a clock whose hands are set at twenty-four minutes past one. The reverse, as here shown, has in profile the heads of the three **John Walters**—grandfather, father, and son—who in succession have owned the London *Times*. Accompanying the medal was a gracefully conceived letter of presentation, as follows:



> "Bearwood, Yokingham, *August* 12, 1885.
>
> "Dear Mr. Jones,—I think you may perhaps like to place among your curiosities the accompanying medal, which I had struck to commemorate the celebration of *The Times* centenary at Bearwood last week. The heads are those of my grandfather, my father, and myself, and the two latter at least are good likenesses. The medals were distributed to all the men and boys who have been five years and upward in my service. The others who are on the books are to have them when they have attained that period of service. I hope when the centenary of our New York namesake arrives, some one of your name and family may be there to celebrate it. With kind regards to Mrs. Jones and all your belongings, I am yours, sincerely,
>
> J. Walter."

—The Rev. Dr. **Stephen H. Tyng**, senior, who died at Irvington, on the Hudson, Thursday night, September 3, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, March 1, 1800. From 1845 to 1878 he was the rector of St. George's Church in this city, and since the latter year has been rector emeritus, with a retiring pension of $5000 annually from his old congregation. During his rectorship the church in Stuyvesant Square was built in 1848, and rebuilt after its partial destruction by fire in 1865. In his prime Dr. **Tyng** was a most energetic parish clergyman, and a preacher of unusual fervor and eloquence. To his power as an extemporaneous orator on public occasions, Mr. **Beecher** is said to have paid the high tribute of saying that he always hated to follow Dr. **Tyng** upon such occasions; and that if he himself spoke first, he regretted it when Dr. **Tyng**'s turn came.

—An impartial and able observer, Mr. **John Lomas**, has been recording his impressions of a tour in Spain. The Spanish woman, he says, is but the doll and plaything of the man, save in the lower grades of life, where she is his helpmate as a beast of burden.

—Mr. **Robert Browning** is spending his vacation in a wild spot in the Val d'Aosta, Italy.

—**Edgar Allan Poe**'s mother-in-law, Mrs. **Clemm**, was a model creature, who, since the poet did not like to be alone, used to sit up with him until four o'clock in the morning. He wrote and she dozed, waking every hour or so to give him a cup of hot coffee. At home (she writes) he was simple and affectionate as a child, and during all the years he lived with me I do not remember a single night that he failed to come and kiss his "mother"—as he called me—before going to bed.

—A certain Mr. **John Vickers** has written a book for the purpose of whitewashing Herod. Here for the first time one learns that the graceless king's errors, even when viewed in the worst light, were rather intellectual than moral, that he was easily imposed upon, and thus used as a partisan weapon to inflict punishment on the innocent, but that he was "not spontaneously cruel and unjust."

—Lady **Dufferin** has distinguished herself by establishing in India a national association for supplying female medical aid to women. The scheme is to educate native women to be nurses and midwives as well as physicians. Skilled women physicians will be imported from Europe and America to act as teachers. Lady **Dufferin** has accepted the presidency of the association. She is an accomplished woman, of noble impulses and exquisite tact, and this enterprise promises to be potent in the emancipation of Indian women. Meanwhile it will relieve much suffering in a country where social customs do not allow a sick woman to consult a male physician, but permit her to languish and die in solitude.

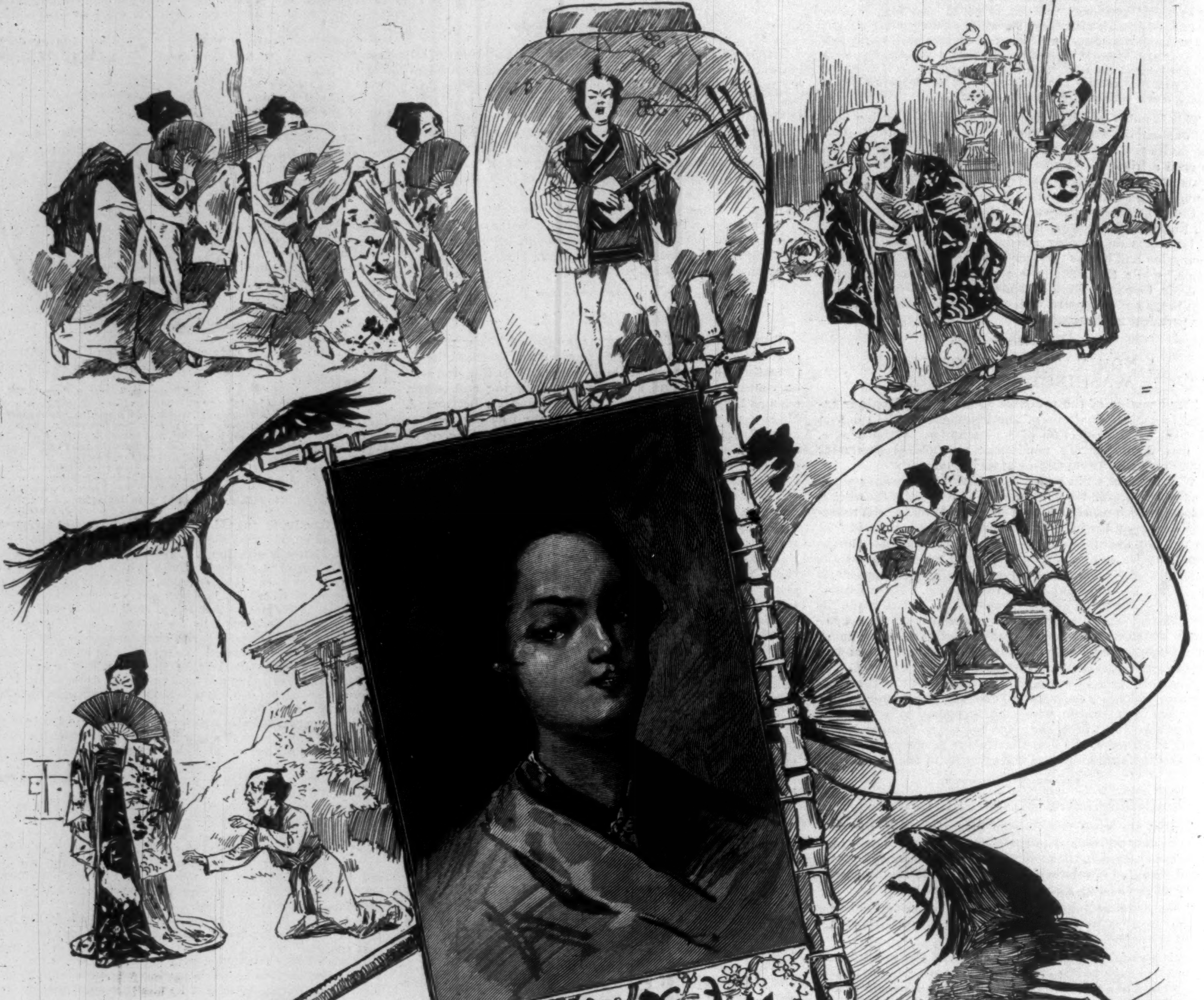
—The eldest son of the Shah of Persia was not born of a princess, and therefore is not the heir-apparent. He is very popular, intelligent, and capable, and his father is said to desire to confer upon him that dignity. But the mother of the younger son, now heir-apparent, threatened to kill herself if the measure was carried through. The Shah therefore hesitates.

—Dr. **Schweinfurth**, the African explorer, is an active foe of the slave-trade, and a warm ally of the antislavery societies. It is necessary, he says, to shout with the voice of thunder, especially into the ears of the present generation, that there are ideas which can not be translated into gold and silver, that there are everlasting rights made for men of the whole earth which must be respected at any cost. He urges the banishment from Zanzibar of all the Arab traders. The Sultan of Zanzibar, who levies tolls from them, is furious.

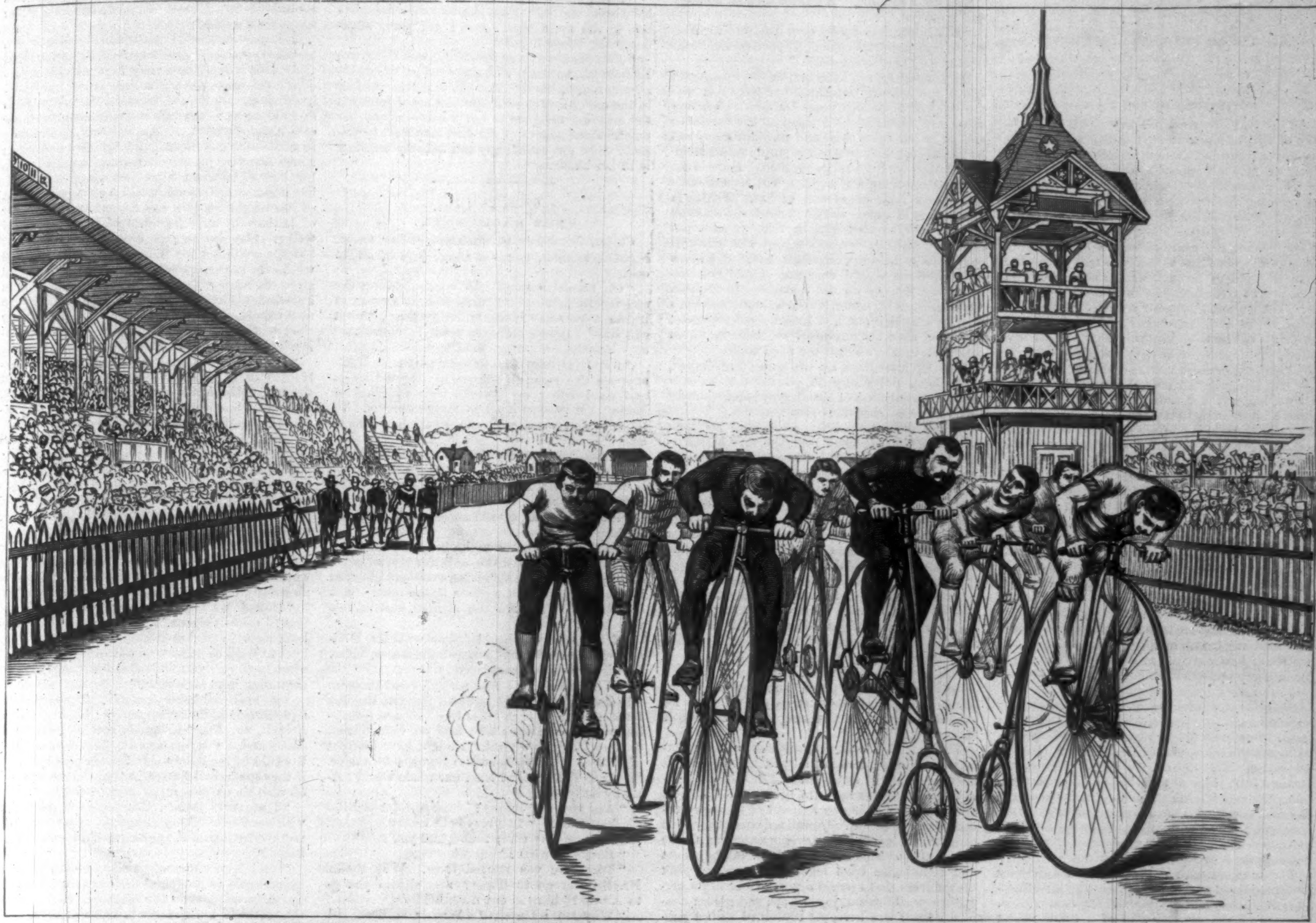
—Bishops' sons do not often become bishops, but the Rev. **John Wordsworth**, Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, has been appointed to the bishopric of Salisbury. His father was the Bishop of Lincoln, and a nephew of the poet **Wordsworth**. He will not be entitled to a seat in the House of Lords until a sufficient number of vacancies have occurred among his seniors. In this country, Assistant Bishop **Henry C. Potter** is the son of a Bishop of Pennsylvania, and a nephew of the Bishop of New York, whose assistant he is.

—The following letter from the author of one of the brightest and most entertaining of recent American novels will interest all readers of *Upon a Cast*:

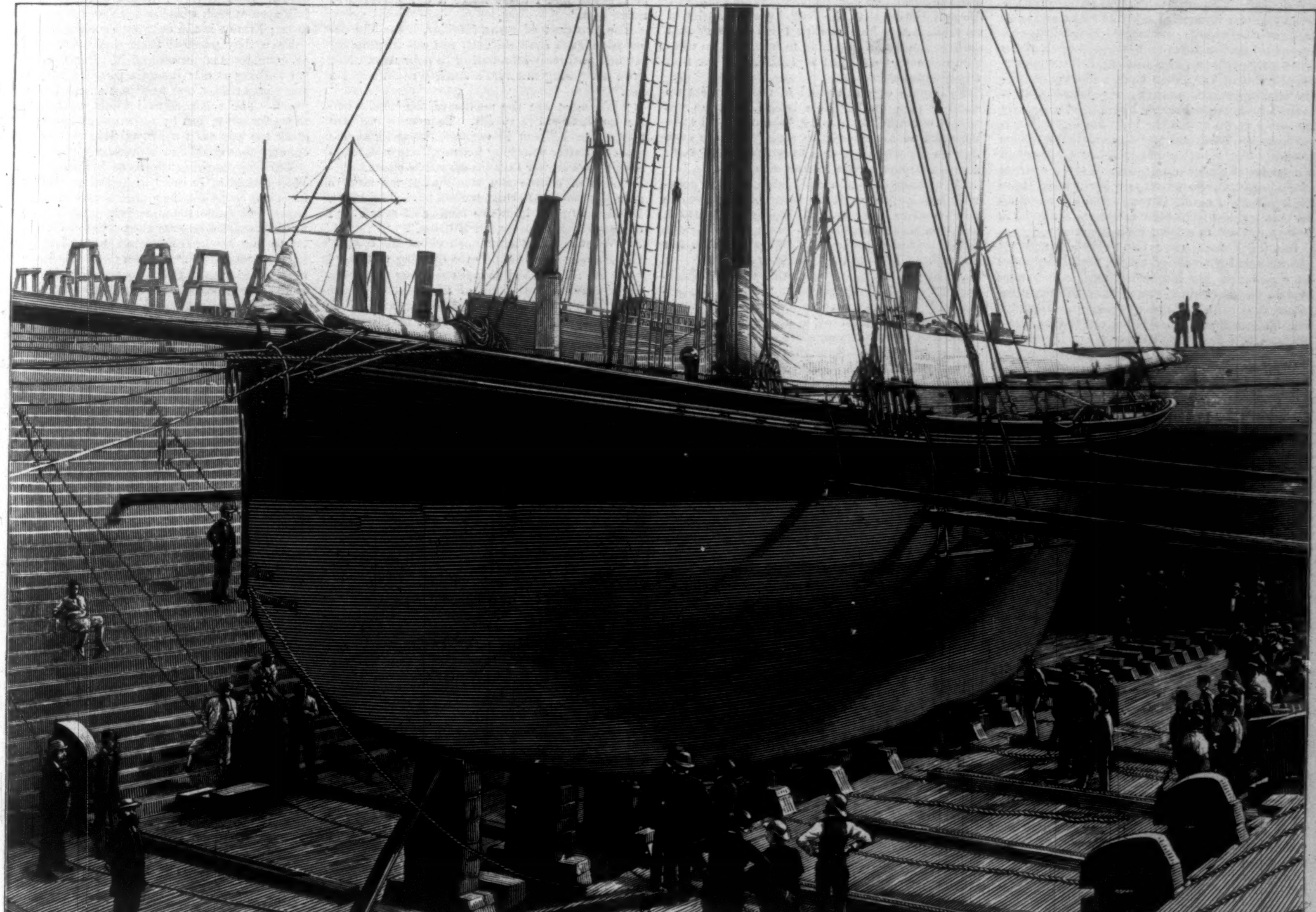
> "*To the Editor of 'The Nation'*:
>
> "Sir,—In your pleasant notice of my novel *Upon a Cast* you trace the influence of **Thomas Hardy** in my style. I have read most of his books with such admiration that to find my way of telling a story compared to his is agreeable indeed; but whether his novels could have influenced me or not is a question I can not answer. When I was about eighteen years old I read all of his novels then published in this country, and they made a deep impression upon me, especially *Far from the Madding Crowd*. It was seven years after my **Hardy** enthusiasm that I wrote *Upon a Cast*, and while I was giving it a final revision I put a copy of *A Pair of Blue Eyes* into Chauncey Dearborne's hands. Then I read it again myself, and followed it up with some of Mr. **Hardy**'s later work. I am sure that I had read nothing of his for several years before I wrote *Upon a Cast*, and in the mean time I had studied *con amore* many masters of the art of fiction, from **Balzac** to **Henry James**. Mr. **Hardy** seems to have overshadowed them all. I beg leave to add that I take it as no poor compliment that my first novel should be compared in style and treatment of character to the work of so eminent an author; but I am surprised.
>
> "Charlotte Dunning.
>
> "*August* 22, 1885."


YUM YUM
THULSTRUP.

SKETCHES FROM THE BURLESQUE OPERA "THE MIKADO."—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 599.]



THE BICYCLE TOURNAMENT AT HARTFORD—THE MILE RACE FOR AMATEURS.—Drawn by A. Berghaus.—[See Page 603.]



THE BRITISH CUTTER *GENESTA* IN DRY-DOCK.—Photographed by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 603.]

HALF-WAY.

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

OVERTAKEN ON THE ROAD.

As the easy-going satirist jogs along the highway of life, one prevailing excellence of his fellow-mortals can but awaken warmest admiration. Their wit may not appear astounding, their penetration not excessive, their capacities for mental assimilation feebler than might be looked for. But no candid observer will deny to humanity in general an extraordinary power of digestion. Were, indeed, the average human being able to appropriate new ideas as easily as new dishes, the flash of intellect throughout the civilized world would be so tremendous as to dazzle, if not blind us. Yet we must suppose some connection between ethics and gastronomy, and are led to the cheerful belief that however snail-paced the march of progress, it has gone steadily hand in hand with the improvement in dinners. After-dinner talk is often dull enough nowadays, Heaven knows, but was not conversation duller still at those prehistoric desserts we read of when the best that a host could set before his guest was a little crab-apple baked without sugar, and perhaps a tiny walnut, accompanied by the juice of a sour grape? Let us, then, canonize the cook instead of the martyr in these days, seeing that amiability is the first of the virtues, and that nothing makes us so amiable as a faultless cuisine. Philip the Second of Spain and other dyspeptic monsters whose crimes put humanity to the blush would doubtless have been comparatively harmless had their digestions never troubled them—in other words, had their cooks been as cunning as their confessors. What has civilized man-eating man? Not the catechism, but the cookery-book, which should be bound in crimson morocco and gold, and have a place of honor second to that of the family Bible in every household throughout the globe.

One summer evening a young English girl watched from her window the kitchen of a French hotel. It seemed to her, as doubtless it has seemed to many others, one of the strangest spectacles imaginable. Certainly none can give a better notion of the force of method and order in regulating human affairs. The busiest hour of the day had come. The bell had summoned to the six-o'clock ordinary, to-night the usual numbers being swelled by a vast concourse of pilgrims bound from Lorraine to the Pyrenees.

The room occupied by the eager-faced girl now first introduced to the world of foreign life afforded admirable vantage-ground for observation. Situated at the extreme end of a small chalet connected with the hotel by a light running gallery, it looked across a small court directly into the kitchen, completing block of the quadrangle. At certain periods of the day the place is silent and deserted. The eye then roves at leisure with delight over a wonderful array of disks and convexes of ruddy glow. Burnished to the lustre of armor, elegant in form as antique shields, there is nothing perhaps more striking, from a picturesque point of view, than such a display of copper cooking vessels as they are polished and arranged in a large French kitchen. So orderly the scene, so unbroken the hush during the interval between breakfast and dinner, that a novice from another planet might well fancy himself in a museum of choice antiquities. Even a denizen of some primitive spot on our own globe where the business of eating is transacted after less laborious fashion than here would find it hard to believe himself in a mere cook-room.

But let Vulcan enter the workshop and ply the bellows! As if by magic, and indeed the busy god and his intelligent automatons were here to do his bidding, straightway the place becomes alive with bustle and animation. The huge fires blaze and crackle, sending out sparks like a blacksmith's forge; the shelves are bared, and there is a flash and glitter from one end of the kitchen to the other, the copper vessels as they are borne hither and thither making the air coruscant; the vast machinery is set in motion, and look, listen as you will, you fail to discern the springs by which it is kept going, so regular, harmonious, and mechanical the movements of each individual. The white-robed figures of the cooks, to a fanciful mind looking like an army of phantoms, move hither and thither in rhythmic measure; the fires blaze with redoubled fury; the brazen pans gleam fitfully as they are transferred from one place to another. Meantime dish succeeds dish, there seems no end to the resources of the larder, and a hundred and odd famished travellers dine.

Just when the business in the kitchen and dining-rooms was at its height, and the English girl's inquisitive mind was most intent upon the scene before her, something quite unexpected came to pass. A moment before the familiar life arrived, Suffolk farmsteads had seemed so remote as to be all but forgotten; on a sudden she was lifted out of a world that, however real wore the aspect of phantasmagoria, and carried swiftly back to the past, with all its passionate hopes, joys, and sorrows—the past which was herself.

There was a hasty tap at the door, and the secretary of the hotel entered with a porter carrying a portmanteau and valise. "We offer you many apologies," said the official, deferentially. "We are compelled to ask you to change your room. A young Englishman has met with a slight accident, and we want these quiet rooms in the chalet for his use. Charles, bid Anna come at once and help the young lady to get her things together."

Misinterpreting the girl's look of discomposure, he added: "We have prepared a very nice room in the hotel itself. Pray believe how sorry we are to inconvenience you."

Still not a syllable. A second time an apology was proffered.

"Such inconveniences are inevitable. Ah! maybe you know something of your young countryman? There is his name."

He pointed to the lettering on the knapsack; but it had already fascinated her gaze. It was the sight of those two words—a man's Christian name and surname—that checked her utterance and made her color come and go. She could not be mistaken. No one else was surely called Millison Methold. He was there, then. He was ill. Swift as lightning a thought, a will, a passionate desire, now took possession of her. Making a great effort to appear self-controlled, she thanked the intruder, assured him that his request did not inconvenience her, and turned with cheerful eagerness to help the chamber-maid. She knew well what she should do. She should not continue her journey on the morrow. If Millison were seriously ill, perhaps to be brought to death's door in a foreign hotel, at least his old playmate, his more than sister, should be there to watch over him, comfort him if the need arose.

Half an hour later, as two grave Frenchmen, a physician and a surgeon, quitted the chalet, a veritable apparition of girlish grace and witchery stood there barring their progress.

It was a Saxon maiden, who could not long have seen her twentieth year, the very personification of that insular fearlessness and self-reliance of which they had both heard. And surely this initiative partook of insular peculiarity too! What French demoiselle, no matter what her secret anxieties, passionate interest in the welfare of a fellow-countryman, a friend even of the other sex, could have thus ventured to confront the world and public opinion?

Young as she was, evidently inexperienced as she was, she addressed herself to these strangers without any shrinking, not at all thinking of herself, nor in what light others might view her conduct, only anxious and resolute to have her impetuous, generous way.

"M. Methold is English, and so am I. We come from the same place," she began, growing painfully eager as she went on. "Will you let me take my turn in watching by his bedside if he is very ill?"

This entreaty, so frankly put, seemed to disconcert her interlocutors not a little. They glanced alternately at the suppliant and at each other.

The picture was never to be forgotten, so was all the more striking on account of its unexpectedness. The beautifully outlined cheek rosy with emotion, the candid blue eyes greatening as she gazed, the abundant golden hair falling short and seraphwise from her dainty ears, the pink cotton dress that seemed a part of her in its suggestive youthfulness, joyousness, and grace: simplicity itself was here, yet combined with a subtler charm.

This girl thus endowed by nature as to outward form was no ordinary feminine creature, no mere smiling, weeping, easily flattered type of gracious womanhood. She demanded something more of life and destiny than the frugal portion assigned to most. A golden chalice filled from crystal springs she would fain hold to her lips; no common earthern vessel just replenished by the first way-side fountain.

Failing to obtain a word of reply, she set up another plea on her own behalf. "I am not wholly untrained in nursing," she said. "I have belonged to an ambulance society. I am even now on my way to Alsace to be trained to work amongst the poor as a Protestant deaconess."

At last she elicited a reply, although not pertinent to her speech. It was quite plain to her she had failed to make her real motives understood, and that these two strangers were occupied with difficulties of another kind, and with which her capabilities had nothing whatever to do.

"You are acquainted with this young Englishman?" asked the physician. "A relative, perhaps?" He was a man of experience and reputation, yet somewhat of a provincial. English ways and character were alike unfamiliar to him. He could not see through the little mystery. "Are you his cousin, his sister-in-law?" he added.

"No; we have known each other all our lives, but are not related," she replied, with eyes seeking the ground.

The surgeon now put in a word. A young, amiable, somewhat melancholy man, a recently made widower to boot, he seemed disposed to take a sentimental view of the case.

"Probably a *fiancée*," he suggested in a low voice to his senior.

But again blushing, painful eagerness in the fair, downcast face.

"Since you are not related to your sick countryman, not his betrothed even, we do not quite see on what grounds you make this request," resumed the doctor, brief and business-like. "The young gentleman's friends will be communicated with, and meantime every care will be accorded him. A trusty man-servant belonging to the hotel is already told off to perform the requisite services of to-day. We shall engage a Sister of Mercy to replace him at night. Indeed, there will be no necessity for you to put yourself in a false position, as you propose. Such conduct on your part must be compromising."

The quiet yet decided rebuff brought matters to a climax. Her cheeks flamed, but, at any cost, inmost thought found expression. "I am not alone," she cried. "I have with me a night nurse who has known M. Methold from his childhood. I am sure no Sister of Mercy will be necessary. We two will do the watching between us."

This last piece of information certainly in some degree altered the aspect of things. The two listeners looked more acquiescent, more inclined to yield. She followed up her advantage by invoking, tearfully yet unconsciously, a word of first sacredness on French soil.

"I can not explain how it is, but his family have cast him off; I am the only friend he has left in the world now. And I will never abandon him; I love him."

"That makes things different," said the grave Frenchman, bowing. Not a word more of remonstrance was uttered. The girl's artless blunder in the use of a verb—for she had never intended the meaning assigned to her words—gained her point. The fortunes of the sick man were henceforth to be put confidingly and uncompromisingly in her hands.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAGIC ROBE.

CAMMA JOYE flew to the arms of her nurse, hopeful, anxious, grief-stricken, joyous, all in one.

"Oh, nurse! nursie!" she cried, fondling the angular, hard-featured Suffolk peasant woman as if she were some ineffably lovely thing, "what can have happened, do you think? Something so wonderful, so unexpected!"

"I know already, Miss Camma, darling. Don't suppose I've come to France to sing old songs and sit twirling my thumbs with thoughts of home. I have seen it all with my own eyes. To think that ever man born of woman should make beds!"

Camma, ready to cry the moment before, now burst out laughing.

"Well, nursie, till we get a machine to do it, beds must be made by some one."

"But that a man should make beds for women to sleep in!"

"In England women make beds for the men, and in France men make beds for the women; exactly the same thing in the end—six cherries in one hand, and half a dozen in the other. But now listen. Poor Millison is here, and in this very hotel."

"I felt sure we should fall in with Mr. Millison when once we had crossed the water," Mrs. Brindle answered, complacently.

"Why should you feel sure?" cried Camma. "Is the rest of Europe so small that two English folks must meet each other like two ants belonging to the same ant-hill? And yet," she added, as if speaking to herself, "I might have thought of it too. He was bound to Rome, I to Alsace. So far as this town at least our roads would naturally lie together."

"And now who knows?" interposed Ann Brindle, hopefully. "You may both return together. Mr. Millison may come round, and you too."

"Round to what?"

"To where you started from. Why should Mr. Millison go to Rome? why should you go to Alsace?" blurted out Ann, boldly.

"Why am I Camma? Why is Millison Millison? Answer me these questions, then I will answer your own," Camma replied. "But we must not spend our time in idle talking, Brinney dear. I have not told you the worst. Millison is ill; you and I must make it our business to nurse him."

The prospect of some familiar, home-like occupation, even the habitually sad one of nursing, seemed positively stimulating to poor Ann. Not even her young mistress's anxiety could depress her.

"We must see the master of the hotel when we go down-stairs to tea. To-morrow we will nurse poor Millison in earnest, but to-night you must rest after your long journey," she said, dropping a kiss on her faithful servant's cheek.

"And of course you won't want me now to go a-sight-seeing in this heathen town," said Mrs. Brindle, with an immense feeling of relief. "I can stay looking after Mr. Millison."

"What is there heathenish about the town?" Camma asked, her round eyes opening wide. "I have seen no naked savages dancing and hurling spears to the sound of the tom-tom; have you? And whatever we get to eat, make your mind easy on one score: it won't be cannibal's fare."

"I don't say that the people go naked and eat each other. They are benighted heathens for all that. Think of a big town like this without a Methodist chapel!"

"But, nursie darling, what good would a Methodist chapel be with no Methodists to go to it?"

"Then there ought to be, Miss Camma. That is all I can say."

"Now, nursie, make good your assertion. Why ought there to be a Methodist chapel in this French town any more than there ought to be French barracks in our native Ipswich?"

Mrs. Brindle, worsted in argument, was not put out of countenance.

"Say what you please, miss, no good can come of a country which chops off its king's head."

"But, Brinney, we English chopped off our king's head once upon a time. You forget that."

"We have learned better since, anyhow," Ann said, with a jaunty look of self-satisfaction. We have a queen still, while this poor misguided country hobbles on like a lame man above crutches. I for one see no good in such upstart, independent ways. One man here seems to think himself every bit as good as another."

"Why is he not?" asked Camma, delighting to lure Mrs. Brindle through a metaphysical labyrinth. "But, nursie dear, is it not fortunate that we did happen to come to France—for Millison's sake, I mean?"

"It will be fortunate if we can persuade him to turn back," said Ann.

"We must get him well first," Camma said, rising to look out of the window. "We might go down-stairs and find the master of the hotel. I wonder what he is doing now?"

"No good, you may be quite sure."

"We shall not find him cutting up the dead body of some traveller he has just robbed and murdered, I dare say," Camma replied, coolly. "So let us go down-stairs and learn full particulars about Millison's illness. Then we will have some tea and go to bed."

The pair descended the broad, brilliantly lit, handsome staircase, gingerly glancing to the right and to the left. It was their first night in a foreign hotel, and each fresh experience imprinted itself as clearly on one mind as the other, with this difference: Camma's impressions were those of a naturally alert mind, quickened, accelerated by the teaching of books and intelligent converse; Nurse Brindle's parts were perhaps quite as good, but lack of instruction prevented her from turning them to full account. Shrewd beyond most of her neighbors, she was limited in the matter of horizon by the shortness of her intellectual tether. She saw things as clearly as Camma, but she could not see their proper relations, and was in the position of a land-surveyor who should go to his work with a yard measure instead of a knowledge of trigonometry. The *table d'hôte* was now over, and having made their inquiries, they were served with tea in a small side room opening into the large dining-hall.

"It does not seem as if Millison were seriously hurt or ill," Camma said as she poured out the tea; "but I can not understand one thing. He is a first-rate horseman. There seems no reason why he should have been thrown."

"You can't expect foreign beasts to be careful of English bones," Ann replied.

Camma smiled. "Now, nursie, you know better than that. As if the poor horse had anything to do with it! But acknowledge one thing. This tea. Did you ever drink better in your life?"

Mrs. Brindle sipped and sipped again. Certainly the tea had an excellent flavor. "How do we know it is tea at all?" she said. "There is no accounting for foreign tricks and shams."

"How do we know anything, when we come to that?" asked Camma. "How do we know that I am myself and that you are Ann Brindle? We have to judge by appearances in everything. Well, what fault can you find with the butter, always supposing it to be butter?"

Ann smacked her lips wisely. The butter was undoubtedly of first-rate quality; but then it was French, not English, butter, and as such to be castigated. "My notion is, Miss Camma, that it would be well for these French people's souls if they made bad butter instead. How contented with themselves all of them seem!"

"I am sure it is a blessing to be contented with one's self," Camma replied. "But the bread, now: what baker in Ipswich could turn out such bread?"

"Oh! Miss Camma, darling, tooth-breaking bread made to confound their enemies, I call it. Sweet bread enough, I won't deny, but I am sure the toothless must starve in this unfeeling country."

"People have no business to be toothless, except little helpless babies. What on earth are dentists for?" Camma asked, playfully provocative. "Depend on it, Brinny dear, we English folk are not such wise heads as we take ourselves to be; France is the country for cleverness."

Then they pursued their meal with excellent appetite, as Ann expressed it, after thinking to get nothing at all; it was a pleasant surprise to find that at least one need not starve in foreign parts. The soil produced wheat, pastures were there for cows, and by some outlandish route or other tea was even conveyed into the heart of a country that could not boast of a king.

Tea over, nothing remained but to go to bed. Well looked after or ill looked after, the invalid must not be agitated by unexpected visitors that night, and there seemed every prospect that he would receive adequate care. Camma had spoken to the brisk, bright-eyed, round-faced man-servant told off for the service. He looked so amiable, she said, that she was sure if Millison asked him to stand on his head by way of diverting his sleepless hours, he would do it; France was the country for amiability. Whereupon Nurse Brindle rejoined that there was a medium in all things, and a man always in good temper was, to her thinking, as dangerous as the father of lies himself.

Mrs. Brindle then helped Camma to undress, and they separated for the night, the faithful Ann, however, occupying the next room. Soon all became dark and quiet; Ann laid her night-capped head on the pillow and went to sleep.

Sleep was not so easy to the excited Camma. This first night in a foreign hotel was much more to her than an enchanting experience. She saw herself at the parting of ways, on the threshold of a new life, which was to her life indeed. No more foolish, girlish dreaming; no more playing with serious things: she should now begin to live in earnest.

No sooner was Ann fairly asleep than Camma, very gently and noiselessly, lighted a candle, threw on a white woollen dressing-gown, and went to her travelling trunk. Kneeling before the open lid, a hand on each side, she paused, and a dreamy, hesitating, almost rapturous expression came over her upturned face; something that trunk contained magically beautiful in her enlarging eyes, something symbolic of all that her maiden fancy revelled and idealized in. What could it be? A girl on the last day of her maidenhood, hardly venturing yet longing to glance at her wedding gown, could not look more wistful, shyer, drawn toward the future with stronger, more enticing magic. For some minutes the fair head kept its exquisite poise, the delicate face, just flushed with eagerness, raised a little, the short wavy golden hair making an aureole in the room. Then, as if suddenly emboldened to plunge into futurity and unriddle the to-morrow, pregnant with intense hopes and fervid expectancies, she lifted from the trunk a pile of nun-like black clothes. One wax light only afforded feeble light; Camma now lighted a second, a third, and tremblingly began to array herself in the habiliments of a Protestant deaconess. So absorbed became she in the meaning of the unpoetic gown she now put on that she never thought of its material hideousness. The coarse black stuff, the graceless way in which it was made to do duty as a woman's garment, the unimaginable ugliness of the whole, for the moment escaped her otherwise acute perception. Nor did she at first seem to see the intended unbecomingness of the long black cloak—a cloak certainly, yet shorn of all the graces that may belong to a cloak—so cut as not to fall into agreeable folds making almost any figure attractive, but, on the contrary, devised with such ingenuity antagonistic to art and beauty that a Venus of Milo herself thus draped must have been thereby travestied into a fish-wife.

Next came the bonnet, the head-gear chiefly distinguishing a Protestant Sister from a Catholic nun. Now there is no reason why a bonnet may not be a really fairy-like thing to put on a woman's head. If human cleverness were equal to human necessities, bonnets undoubtedly would have been perfect since bonnets began. As it is, although far from perfect, these devices of the milliner are perfection itself compared to the unsightly construction Camma now prepared to adjust to her dainty head. It was not, perhaps, so much the hard, cylinder-like black silk covering that was unbecoming as the thick, close-set cap inside, frame-work entirely destructive of the loveliest picture put within. And not only were hair and ears so covered, but the long plain veil falling behind the bright illustrating locks as well, so that, when fairly dressed from head to foot in her new livery, little enough of Camma's real self remained. The eyes were still visible, it is true; the arch nose, the sweet grave mouth; nothing else. Thus disguised, the familiar Camma vanished, already to her own fancy became a thing of yesterday.

At first her mood was of sheer exultation only. To the poor moon-stricken knight of La Mancha the barber's basin and pasteboard visor were not fuller of glorious presagement than these uncouth garments to the girl visionary. As she now studied herself in the glass, her whole being seemed to dilate and enlarge with noble pride.

A finished coquette could not wear an expression of deeper self-consciousness; only in Camma's case mere personal gratulation was replaced by enthusiasm of the spiritual kind. She was not dwelling on her loveliness, or on the unthinking homage accorded to youthfulness and vivacity, or, if so, it was with a feeling that verged on scorn. Her thoughts soon outstripped the poor little individuality; she considered it now left behind, bade adieu to forever. She could only look forward, and the austere drapery in which she had clad herself was as the vesture skirts of some glorified being wrapped round her, translating her by hands angelic or divine.

The world, with its self-seeking, littleness, and vulgarity, was shaken off. Henceforth she should lead the life, not of the clay, but of the spirit.

In the midst of all these ecstatic contemplations, which were perfectly natural to her, the sparkle and airy grace that made her common presence a thing of joy, she was aroused by a homely but passionate appeal.

It was Nurse Brindle in night-cap and bed-gown, holding a lighted candle. She had drowsed without sleeping soundly, and finally woke up altogether. The light in the adjoining room, her young charge's movements, called for uneasiness; without warning or apology, the door opened gently, and Camma saw her rare vision rudely dispelled.

"Not in bed?—not asleep?" Ann broke forth, in a tone of keenest reproach, and ready to cry at sight of the deaconess's clothes.

Camma's first impulse was to be angry, but she mastered herself, and began the business of unrobing, wearing a pained, crest-fallen air.

"Why are not you in bed and asleep yourself, Brinny dear?" she said, with ill-concealed vexation. "I am no longer a child in arms to be perpetually watched. I must do as I please."

"But to please to wear those ugly clothes," poor Ann went on, her heart full to overflowing of pent-up feeling. "And to be trained to nurse the sick and attend to the poor, when you might sit in a parlor all day long doing crewel-work."

"Now, Ann, I put it to yourself. Would you rather sit in a parlor all day long doing crewel-work than look after me?"

"But, Miss Camma, you could marry to-morrow if you chose. You need not make anti-macassars all your days."

"Why should I make anti-macassars or marry when I prefer to do other things?" Camma asked. "Why, Ann?"

Ann looked positively despairing, thus caught in the clutches of Camma's inexorable logic. She seized on the first argument.

"Oh, Miss Camma, darling! there is a season for everything. If you do not sit in an arbor now and listen to a young gentleman a-swearing on his knees he'd die for you, will you do it when you are old like me?"

Camma could not resist a laugh. "But what's the good of a young gentleman swearing any such thing when I know perfectly well he would do nothing of the kind? Crewel-work seems less waste of time."

"There is a season meet and fit for everything," Ann said. "Do not the little lambs frisk in the spring, and kittens run after their tails before they begin to catch mice? Now is your time, Miss Camma, to be idle and merry like other girls."

"Never fear that I shall not be merry, nursie. Idle, I can't promise you," Camma replied, quite recovering her spirits.

"Merry in that gown?" Nurse Brindle cried, pointing at the black robe as if it were a San Benito, something too hideously grotesque and abominable to touch. "Can not a young lady like you do good to the poor and afflicted, and all the while dress according to your means and your talents?"

"Well, Brinny dear, if people dressed according to their talents, I fear most of us would go terribly bare. Why, the greater part of the world would be no better off than poor Adam and Eve! But there is something in what you say, for all that."

Nurse Brindle followed up her advantage. "And is the Almighty pleased to see us going about our work like so many mutes at a burial? I'll never believe it. Why have we silk-worms and weavers and all the dyers that be, but that we might wear coats, like Joseph's, of many colors?"

"You shall wear Joseph's coat of many colors, then, and I my deaconess's gown," Camma said. "So now, Ann dear, let us go to bed in right good earnest."

Ann had once more unrobed her young mistress, and putting the obnoxious garments on a chair with an expression of indescribable disgust, returned to her own room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE MIKADO."

The production of the latest work of Mr. W. S. **Gilbert** and Sir **Arthur Sullivan** renews all those reflections, now so familiar, upon the comparative emptiness of life in the remote ages when a fresh novelty from their happily consorting pens was not almost an annual event, and excites again in the breasts of the wise and good wonted and becoming emotions of gratitude for hours of harmless pleasure. These writers are, in fact, to use the words of one of them,

> "A running river
> Of harmless merriment."

And if the river seems to run at some time slower than at another, we can only say that is the character of rivers, and copying another line from the same book, call our authors

> "A source of innocent merriment,"

letting the river run as its channels may allow, content if only the source remain fairly full.

That the source is diminished in power will not be affirmed, and though the critics do not seem quite sure about the latest outpouring, it seems likely to be finally thought one of the most affluent of all. It is difficult to judge a late work by comparison with others of its kind which made their impression partly through force of novelty in the conception and manner of working out, but after such allowance as it is possible to make, *The Mikado* will prove one of the most interesting and amusing of all the existing **Gilbert** and **Sullivan** series. With its own impression latest in mind, we believe it will be thought remarkable for the number of "catching" or "taking" airs, and of lines equally captivating. And though unquestionably wanting the usual variety and fullness in orchestral treatment, the work abounds in melody rich with the peculiar romantic accent conveyed by Sir **Arthur**'s lightest and his most serious writing. And in the action *The Mikado* has a decided "pull" over most of its congeners, the text suffering hardly anywhere the least drag or hinderance; and as the parts are in unusual measure grotesque, there is faint excuse for even a dull moment, with the play well put on.

It is founded on a most humorous fancy. The Mikado of Japan decreed the punishment of death for the crime of flirting, which naturally enough, in Mr. **Gilbert**'s veracious words, "caused great dismay throughout the land." But the inventive Japanese seized upon a poor tailor lying under the penalty, and made him Lord High Executioner, reasoning that as perpetually "next" to be executed, he

> "Can not cut off another's head
> Until he's cut his own off."

One consequence of this is that there are no more executions in the town of Titipu, a fact rich in consequences, for in time word arrives that "the Mikado is struck by the fact that no executions have taken place in Titipu for a year, and decrees that unless somebody is beheaded within one month, the post of Lord High Executioner shall be abolished, and the city reduced to the rank of a village." Whereupon Ko-ko, the great officer whose post is endangered, being at his wits' end for a victim, is delicately reminded that as he is under sentence of death for flirting, everything seems to point to him. But he puts the suggestion aside with the remark that "self-decapitation is an extremely difficult, not to say dangerous, thing to attempt," and that "it's suicide, and suicide is a capital offense." He is relieved through the appearance of a young man bent on self-destruction—Nanki-Poo, outwardly a strolling minstrel, but actually the Mikado's only son, and heir to the throne, in love with Yum-Yum, ward and promised bride of Ko-ko, whom she is that day to marry—a ceremony which induces Nanki-Poo's suicidal intent. Him Ko-ko at last persuades to forego the "rash act" by offering him Yum-Yum in marriage, provided that he will surrender himself for public execution within a month. But on discovery that by the Mikado's law when a married man is beheaded his wife is buried alive, new difficulties arise, and the sudden arrival of the Mikado obliges Ko-ko to pack off Nanki-Poo with Yum-Yum, and trust to execution by affidavit. Very graphic affidavits are thereupon introduced, and the Mikado seems well satisfied, until after asking for Nanki-Poo, to seek whom was his actual errand, he finds that his own son was the juratory victim.

Ko-ko endeavors to persuade Nanki-Poo to come to life, in order to save the Lord High Executioner a punishment of "something lingering, with boiling oil in it," but the astute youth remarks that he himself is under sentence of death for not marrying Katisha, an elderly lady of his father's court, and prefers to remain a dead man and go off on his honey-moon. Finally Ko-ko ends the matter by marrying Katisha, and Nanki-Poo "comes to life without fear of being put to death." The explanation given to the Mikado is a marvel of "wits' and wranglers' logic." "It's like this: when your Majesty says, 'Let a thing be done,' it's as good as done—practically it *is* done—because your Majesty's will is law. Your Majesty says, 'Kill a gentleman,' and a gentleman is told off to be killed. Consequently that gentleman is as good as dead; practically, he *is* dead; and if he is dead, why not say so?"

This is the main current of the story, and any one acquainted with Mr. **Gilbert**'s method may understand how very amusing he makes it. The book of the play is crowded with his delicate fun, and the aptest and most careful management is required to make the lines tell in all their light effects. We have no "Japanese craze" in America, so the slight satirical intent of the work goes somewhat astray from our audiences, but it is not missed in the general enjoyment.

It is faintly fashionable (and extremely easy) to say that **Gilbert** and **Sullivan** some time since began to repeat themselves, but this is untrue in any proper sense, and only means that they write in their own manner. The objection will do for those who do not want to know whether they are to find **Dickens** or **Thackeray** in a book by either.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES.

There has been nothing in the history of yachting in this country more important than the present race between the Boston sloop *Puritan* and the British cutter *Genesta*, except the race of the three schooners, *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing*, and *Vesta*, from Sandy Hook to Cowes in the month of December, 1866. That, as a matter of course, will always remain the most remarkable event in the yachting history of the world, and it certainly had an important bearing upon the future of American yachting, lifting the New York Yacht Club at once to an equal consideration with the proudest of the royal yacht clubs of Great Britain, and dwarfing by comparison that other important yachting event, the voyage of the *America* to Cowes in 1851, and her capture of this cup that is now being competed for against the combined fleets of Great Britain and France. The visits of the *Cambria* and the *Livonia* were interesting events, and the latter vessel at least taught our yachtsmen something. Though the *Livonia* could without much doubt have been beaten by the *Sappho* in any weather and on any point of sailing, she was so strongly rigged that she was ready to sail when her competitors were disabled.

Important, however, as these events undoubtedly were, they did not attract as wide-spread an interest, either here or abroad, as have these present races; for the contestant on behalf of the New York Club is of a type hitherto unknown in this country. Not only is she radically different in model, but her size is far greater than any single-stick vessel we have ever had, with the exception, possibly, of Mr. **Stevens**'s old centre-board sloop *Maria*, which proved the possibilities of the large sloop by winning nearly every time she started. With that exception, and perhaps on account of the disadvantages apparent in so large a sloop as the *Maria*, American yachtsmen have preferred, in vessels beyond a certain size, the schooner rig as handier, more economical, and on the whole safer; and they have gone on improving their schooners until, to-day, in all human probability, the *Miranda*—about the fastest schooner in British waters—would be beaten at least a half-hour, over the New York Club course, by either the *Grayling*, *Fortuna*, or *Montauk*.

Previous to this *Genesta* challenge, sloops like the *Gracie* and *Fanny* had been pronounced too large, and the result of experience was that in the *Mischief* the proper limit as to size for single sticks had been attained, and that for anything larger than that a second mast and a division of the enormous mainsail was most advisable; and now the exigency of the occasion has compelled the building of two sloops for which the *Mischief* is scarce too large to use as a launch, with main-boom of enormous length, and a main-sheet that requires a whole coil of rope, and to handle which requires a crew of thirty men. In the accompanying picture the artist has happily shown one of the most difficult things in connection with the big sloop; that is, the handling of the main-sheet. In ships the measure of efficient manning was, "sufficient to get the anchor"; in the sloop yacht it is, "enough to handle the main-sheet." Even if the thirty men were increased to fifty, so tremendous is the strain upon the sheet in a fresh breeze that the whole fifty would not get an inch of it until the strain was eased by the helm. It is in jibing, however, that the almost endless main-sheet is the most troublesome, and in case of sudden jibe, before the boom has been hauled flat aft, woe betide the man nearest the timber-head if he fail to get his turn, and frequently the whole inside of the hand is blistered by the sheet rendering through it too fast. Captain **Gibson**, of the *Priscilla*, so fully realized the difficulty of getting the turn in jibing that he has had the belaying-bolts placed away forward, nearly to the mast, so that the last man on the sheet shall take the turn instead of the one whose fingers are nearest the block sheaves.

In the matter of light canvas great strides have been made within the past few years. Only very recently were spinnakers adopted, and there is more canvas probably in the balloon jib-topsail of the *Puritan* than would have been necessary for a full suit of an ordinary-sized sloop ten years ago. When set and pulling beautifully, its enormous proportions are not apparent, and to thoroughly appreciate its size one needs to be one of the dozen sailors that have to lie out upon the bow-sprit to gather it in when the breeze has become so fresh that it can no longer be carried without peril to the topmast. The situation is partially shown in the picture elsewhere presented, but no picture can do full justice to it, and accurately express the difficulty of stowing a balloon jib-top-sail when racing in a strong breeze. Of course, when sailing simply for pleasure, the yacht can be swung off before the wind, or brought to in the wind's eye, long enough for the sail to be run down and gathered up, but in a race this can not be done, and the sail must be subdued by main strength.

THE NEW TORPEDO BOAT.

Should the latest contribution to submarine warfare, of which an illustration is given below, accomplish all it aims at, it will mark an epoch in naval operations.

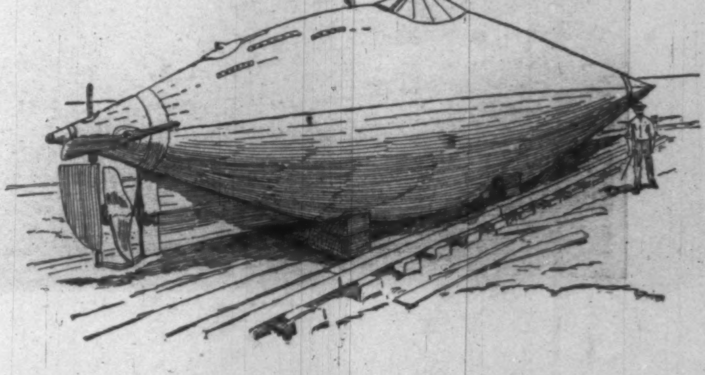
The central idea of the new device is that of a vessel which can be submerged at will, and made to travel considerable distances under water. The apparatus for sinking the vessel and furnishing air to its crew while beneath the surface is as yet kept secret. The boat itself is fifty feet in length and eight feet in diameter at the widest part. It is cigar-shaped, with the prow forming a stout steel ram with sharp edges for perforating the vulnerable parts of iron-clads, below the line of thickest armor. The hull is wood, on iron frames, and the motive power is furnished by twin screws driven by petroleum engines. Projecting about two feet above the boat is a small conning turret, which allows observation for directing the boat.

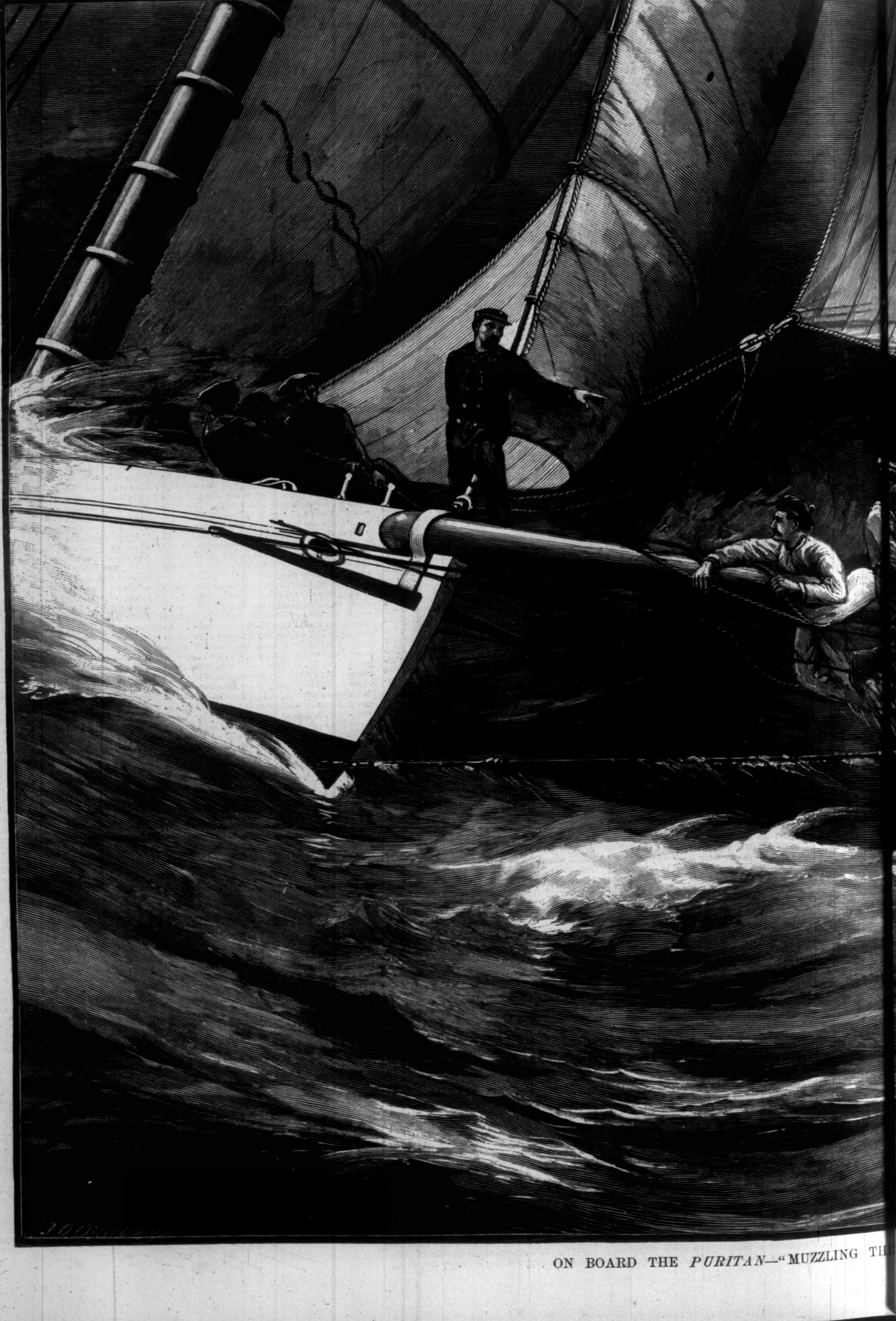
If the air apparatus should not work as well as expected, and complete submersion not be effected, valuable results can be secured even by having the whole boat under water except the conning turret. This would be, with its foot and a half of diameter and its projection of a few inches above the surface, a target so small as to run little risk of being hit by heavy guns, especially as it will be moving at high speed. We should say, however, that the target might easily be hit by machine guns, which pour a steady torrent of projectiles; but the inventor claims that it will be impregnable against such attacks.

Meanwhile the boat will have aggressive force of its own. It can send out in all directions Whitehead and other automatic torpedoes by an apparatus said to be specially valuable for that purpose. It also has a dynamite gun, firing by quick manipulation, from an aperture midway between the turret and prow on its curved deck or top, a projectile charged with a hundred or perhaps two hundred pounds of some high explosive, like dynamite. The range of the torpedo gun is claimed to be 500 or possibly 800 yards. In discharging it the boat needs only to rise to the surface, showing the turret and its base.

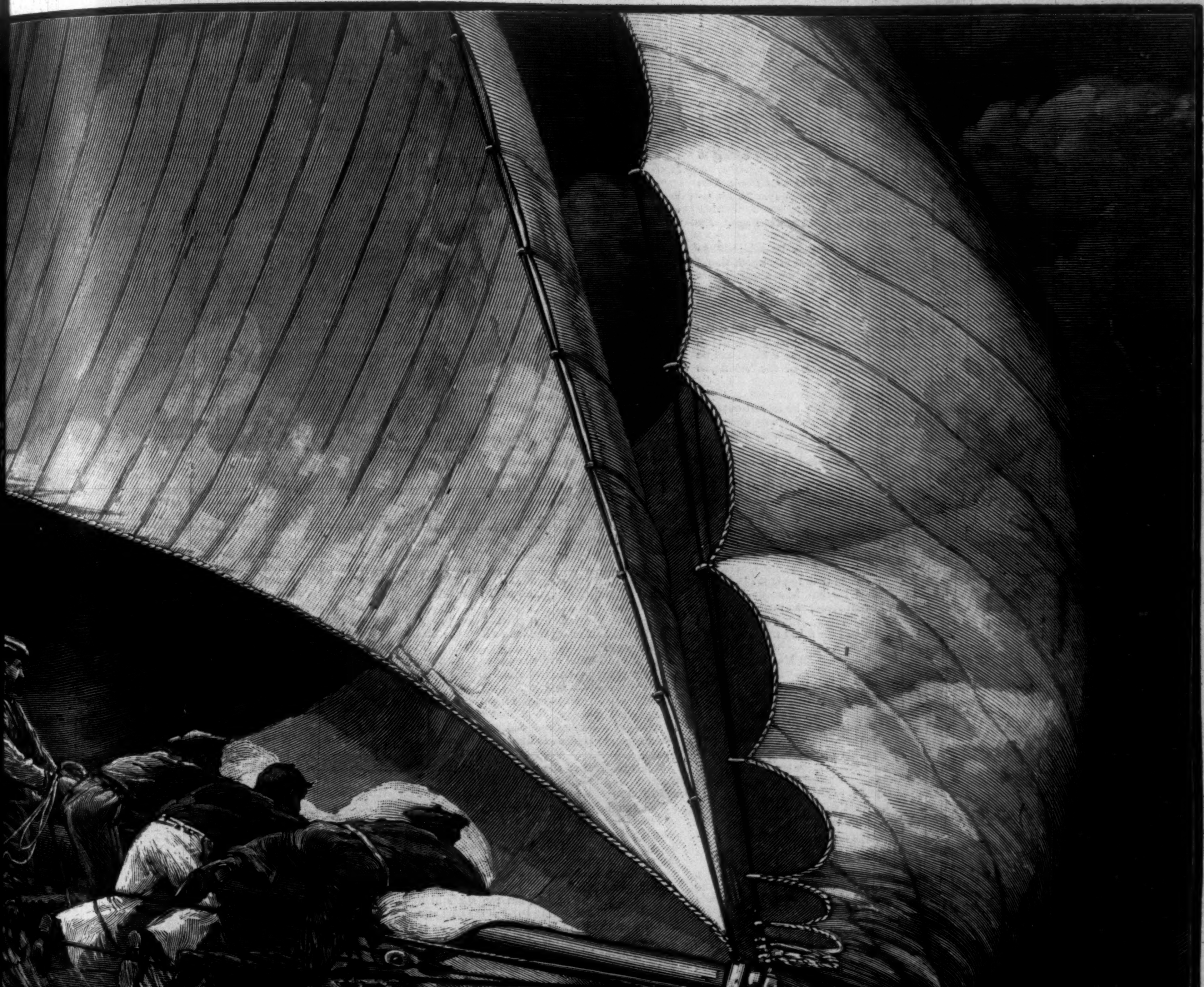
But if the full purpose of the boat is accomplished, its aggressive power will be greatly increased. It can then find its way under the keels of small craft, and blow them up from beneath. It can also fix torpedoes to the sides or bottoms of bigger vessels unperceived. It can discharge its dynamite projectile, instantly sink wholly out of sight, and then, pushing its turret just above water in an unexpected quarter, again fire its gun, which has been reloaded below the surface, and as promptly repeat its drop game to avoid a return blow.

At the launch of the new boat on Friday, September 4, an accident occurred by which one of her planks was stove in, and she sank to the bottom in ten feet of water. The accident is of a kind easily reparable, and proves nothing as to her powers of seaworthiness or of destruction. Of course, however, her success is problematical. All is now in the experimental stage. Like attempts at construction in the Old World have ended in the capsizing of the craft and the drowning of its occupants. Lieutenant **Zalinski**, of the Fifth Artillery, who has superintended its construction at old Fort Lafayette, will fill it with all the aggressive appliances required should its submarine qualities be successful.




J O Davidson

ON BOARD THE *PURITAN*—“MUZZLING TH



JIB-TOPSAIL."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 599.]

PAUL CREW'S STORY.*

By ALICE COMYNS CARR,

Author of "La Fortunina," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

Paul had never been more surprised in his life than to see his wife in such trouble—never more surprised, and never more distressed.

But after the first astonishment he had made up his mind that it could only be some chance effect of health or spirits—he had always thought that Phœbe had never been quite herself again since that fever—and had put it from his mind.

Directly she had noticed his presence she had jumped up hastily, and when Paul had asked what was the matter, she had said that it was only one of her usual foolish dreams about the boy, about whose welfare she perpetually had some misgiving or other, as he well knew by this time.

And Paul did well know it, for he often strove to combat her womanly presentiments about unseen misfortunes ahead that should beset this their only child; and he had laughed at this one as he had laughed at the others, and had told her to go about her work and not give way to thinking.

And she had gone about her work and had left the boy with the men, only charging them not to let him out of their sight.

Whether she had given way to thinking or not Paul could not tell, for he had not seen her again for a while.

All he knew was that she had looked quite herself again before she had left him, and had walked up the beach with her usual firm step, carrying the mug and plate in her hand, in which she had brought down her husband's dinner.

Paul had not had much time to think of Phœbe just then, or, indeed, of anything but what appertained to his duty and business.

The inspecting officers had arrived soon after Foster's return, and then the wreck had to be visited, and the salvage given up, and the report systematically made, and Paul had had no time to wonder why it was that his wife had not been herself, nor why it was that he had not found Foster in his own cottage when he had gone up to look for him, but gloomily sitting with his head in his hands at Phœbe's kitchen table, his pipe gone out between his fingers, and his eyes fixed upon vacancy.

But by the time the afternoon had begun to lengthen into evening the press of work was over, and Paul had leisure to remember his own.

And then, as he remembered Phœbe's strange and unaccountable tears, he began to wonder whether it was in any way possible that she could have heard any news about the harvest which had not reached his ears.

With a beating heart he turned up toward the cottage.

It was unlike his wife to have kept anything from him; but, of course, if she had kept anything from him it was only to spare him pain; he knew that well enough.

And in this case she had evidently imagined that the pain would be greater than it was going to be.

It would be a disappointment not to get the nice little pot of money he had looked for out of the venture, but at the worst it could only mean the difference of a few pounds, no more.

He unlatched the gate of his garden and walked in.

The cottage door was open as usual; Phœbe was alone within.

The table was covered with white linen; she had been ironing—ironing his shirts for the week.

But now she sat, listless and weary, by the window, her hands dropped in her lap and her eyes dropped upon her hands.

She started up as he came in and began busying herself about the work again.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" asked Paul, kindly. "You don't look well. You're never fretting still?"

"Fretting?" repeated she, half vexed. "No; what should I be fretting for?"

But as soon as she had said the words she seemed to regret them.

She looked up with a smile—rather a wan, sad smile, but her own smile for all that.

"No, dear Paul, I'm quite well," she repeated.

"I was afraid perhaps you had had some bad news of some kind," he said.

"Bad news?" repeated she, looking up half frightened. "What kind of bad news?"

"I thought there might have been some one inquiring for me," answered Paul, evasively.

Phœbe lay down the iron she had in her hand.

"Well, now, so there has," replied she, quickly. "How stupid of me! I quite forgot it. A man from the village was here just now wanting particularly to see you. I sent him down to the beach after you."

Paul got up and went out into the garden, Phœbe following him.

"I wonder where he can have gone?" said he, anxiously. "I think I'll go and look for him."

"It was that man of Farmer Wills's," said Phœbe.

"Ah, there he is," she cried. "He is coming back this way."

Paul unlatched the gate and went out on to the green, Phœbe still following him.

"Are you looking for me, neighbor?" he cried as the man came within hearing.

"Why, yes, Mr. Crew," said the laborer. "Mr. Wills thought you might like to know something about that property of yours up on the hill yonder, you know. He thought you might perhaps have heard something, and he thought you might sooner hear it all."

"Hear what, man?" asked Paul, almost tartly. "Speak up. Is it the hop garden belonging to Farmer Alce that you mean? I had some money in the matter, though it is scarcely my property. It's been bad weather for the hop-picking, I know."

"Lord bless you, it isn't the *weather*," said the man, with a grin. "The hops aren't to blame."

"What do you mean?" asked Paul.

"Well, of course the storm battered down the hops a bit, and spoiled their beauty," said the laborer, scratching his head, "but you might make a good penny out of them yet, if so be that they belonged to you."

"Belonged to me? You mean they belong to Farmer Alce?"

"No, and they don't belong to Farmer Alce neither," answered the fellow, grimly. "They belong to some gentleman up to London. Farmer Alce sold the crop as it stood a week ago. My master knows it for truth."

Paul paused a minute; then he said, half to himself: "Sold it! I must see him about that."

"I'm afraid you won't see him about it just yet," grinned the man again. "Farmer Alce has took all that he got and off with it."

"Off with it!" echoed Paul, vaguely.

"Yes; cut and run. Why, it's all over the village. There's plenty after him for debt, but he's not been seen for more than a week, and he won't be seen again this side of the 'tlantic, so they say."

Paul stood quite still.

He did not look at Phœbe; he looked out over the marsh to the place on the downs where the hop gardens should be, as though he would be able to see and learn the truth.

Phœbe put her arm within his, but he did not notice her.

"The master thought you might like to know," repeated the man, awkwardly. "He's right down sorry for you, for he knowed you'd got all your eggs in one basket."

"Thank you, my man," said Paul, in his usual pleasant voice, rousing himself from his brown-study. "Will you thank your master, and say I'll be up and see him some time to-night?"

The man touched his hat, or made whatever sign stood him in that stead, and turned upon his heel.

Paul stood quite still for a few moments, looking down on the ground.

Phœbe still held her arm in his.

"Well, wife," said he at last, "there are all our savings gone. We had best look the thing in the face at once. We have nothing left of what I began to lay by before I was married against the time when I should want it for wife and children."

Phœbe did not speak.

She only pressed his arm silently and fast.

"I ought to ask your pardon for it," continued Paul. "If I were to die to-morrow I should leave you badly off, and I always looked to leaving you pretty comfortable. I've been very foolish, but I did it for the best."

Paul's voice trembled just a little here, and he looked away from Phœbe.

But now she spoke.

"Ah, Paul," said she, in a sad, broken voice, "don't talk like that—don't! It is not you who have anything to blame yourself with. I've not been a good wife to you; but, God help me, I *will* be good from henceforth. And we will work together and soon make up what is gone. Indeed, indeed, I don't think anything of that!"

"Heaven bless you!" murmured Paul, turning to kiss her. "You have always been a good wife to me, and you will always be the best wife that ever a man had. I know that well enough."

"Ah, don't, don't, don't!" murmured Phœbe, taking her lips from his and letting her head drop upon his shoulder.

"Yes, I will," said he. "What greater comfort is there than for a man to rest in the truth and affection of his wife when he is in trouble? The moon rose red, and you said it meant evil. Well, the evil has come; but, please God, we will defy it! Yes, please God, we will defy it! The little chap shall have something to start him in the world with yet! After all, while we have him left, how can we dare grumble at any loss?"

Paul kissed his wife again.

He could not reach her face, for it was hidden away from him, but he kissed her on her forehead and lifted her head up.

The hunted, startled expression had come back to her eyes.

She almost pushed Paul aside as she said, "The little chap! Where is he, Paul?"

Paul looked at her.

"What, isn't he at home?" he asked.

"No. I left him with you. You know I did."

Paul felt the blood rush from his heart as he remembered that this was the truth.

The mother had confided her child to him, and he had forgotten him.

He did not answer.

He gazed at his wife.

He saw her face turn quite white.

It had been pale before, but now it turned quite white.

"I oughtn't to have let you leave him with me," he said. "I might have known I should be too busy. I lost sight of him."

Phœbe only looked at him mutely with her great dark eyes.

"I ought to have sent him off to you when the officers arrived," went on Paul, feverishly. "I forgot it. It was very careless of me."

"No, no, no; it's my fault, my fault," moaned Phœbe, throwing up her arms. "I have been dreaming, and now—"

She did not finish her sentence.

She turned and went down the path to the beach.

"I don't see that it's any grievous fault of anybody's," answered Paul, following her. "Foster has got him, of course. He oughtn't to have taken him without saying so, but he has got him safe enough, I'll be bound."

"I hope so," said Phœbe. "We'll go and see."

They turned down toward the cottage where Foster lived, Phœbe hurrying wildly along.

Paul had to walk quite fast to keep up with her.

He passed his arm within hers to steady her.

"Don't look like that, dear," he murmured. "He's not lost yet, you know. It's because you let yourself go to foolish fancies, as you did this afternoon, that you get nervous. There's no occasion to think anything amiss has happened to the boy yet."

"Ah, yes, there has been the shadow of evil—the shadow of evil," murmured she, "ever since that night when we went out on the sea. The moon rose red, and all the evil has not come yet."

"No, no; there's no worse luck to come than has come. Don't you believe it. That's bad enough; but we are going to be brave over that."

"No worse luck," repeated Phœbe.

They had reached Foster's cottage.

The door was open. He was within.

He came out when he saw them.

They could see by his face that the child was not with him.

And they could see that he guessed that something was amiss.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Phœbe did not answer.

It was Paul who said, "We have lost sight of Johnnie. We thought he might be with you."

"No," said Foster. "I haven't seen him since we went out to the ship. But one of the men told me they had met him going up to the village with Farmer Wills's boy."

"When?" asked Phœbe, speaking now. "Which way?"

"I don't know when, and I don't know which way," answered the young man, "but I should guess up by the cliff, where the blackberries grow ripest. Or perhaps down through the hop gardens and up the road. Johnnie was very anxious to see the hops beaten down by the storm."

"Was he?" said Paul, with a sad smile. "Well, we had better go and look for him there. You go down to the hop fields with the mother, Jack, and I'll go up the cliff."

They parted company and took their different ways.

Paul took the path that skirted the dike, and climbed the cliff along the lane where the blackberries grew.

He looked behind every hedge and down every perilous place where the children might have strayed; there was nothing.

Even the older little ones whom he met along the way could not tell him that they had seen anything of Johnnie Crew that day.

He began to confess to himself that he was becoming uneasy.

When he reached the top of the cliff he stood there a moment, looking anxiously along the mournful margin of sea-shore below.

The sun had become overcast; the sky was strewn with gray clouds that, in their turn, strewed gray shadows upon the marsh-land and the downs beyond. The sun was near to setting, but there was no sunset visible—only a kind of wan glare reflected from the west, where the gold should have been.

The wind had dropped, but the sea still rose and fell with the lingering swell of the past storm, and the waves broke in white foam upon its gray surface.

The tide had been low two hours since, but it was coming in fast now, rippling over the sands and the rocks where the wrecked ship still lay on her side—rippling idly and slowly, but surely and steadily, beneath the sinister light of the pale sad sky.

There were figures along the sands here and there—fisher-folk still loitering in search of such bits of wreckage as they might pick up unseen by the coast-guards—but there was no Johnnie.

Even from this height the father felt sure that he would know the little figure well enough.

There were other children running about on the fast-disappearing sands, but his child was not there.

He looked down the face of the cliff with a shudder.

He could not but look the thing in the face: the boy might have been here, his foot might have slipped, and then—

Had the bad moon foretold woe worse than he knew, indeed? Had the loss of the money set aside for the boy only been a herald of another loss? He dared not think, but he said to himself that he would go down the cliff by the steep stone ladder straight on to the sands below, and walk home that way to meet his wife, that he might set that fear to rest at least before he met her. He thought he would do it, and then again he thought that it might delay him meeting her; and, after all, he was bound to consider her first.

Was it that he shrank from investigating that terrible possibility?

Anyhow, he took the top path once more.

He felt that he scarcely had the courage to go back to Phœbe; and yet she might have good news. God grant it!

He strode down the hill, and before he got on to the marsh again he saw her coming along across the green with Foster.

He stopped a moment to look.

Alas! they were alone.

He went on with a failing heart.

As he came nearer he saw that Phœbe held her hands before her face, and that Jack was bending a little toward her as though enforcing words of hope and comfort.

Paul knew well enough that Jack was almost as anxious as they were themselves about the little chap; he was so fond of the little fellow, and such a good friend to his parents.

Paul felt the lump rising in his throat at last as he hurried onward; his heart was beating against his side.

When he was within a few yards of the two, he knew that Phœbe was crying bitterly.

She looked up when she heard him coming and shook her head; he saw that she could not speak.

When they had come together they stood, all three of them, silently looking at one another for a moment.

Then Paul said, with as much appearance of jocularity as he could muster:

"He's on the sands, that's where he is, wife. The naughty little beggar! Always up to some mischief! Come, we had better go down as fast as we can, and see."

They went down the path to the beach, Phœbe leading the way.

As they went they met one of the coast-guard boatmen coming up to his supper.

"You haven't seen my little one, I suppose?" asked Paul. "We've lost sight of him somewhere."

The man stopped and considered.

"I seed him about an hour ago," said he, "when you had been over inspecting the ship. He begged of me to help him off on to the rocks, so as he might see the vessel."

"An hour ago!" exclaimed Foster. "He may be there still."

He started off with a run as he spoke.

"Did you leave the child on the rocks, and never say a word to anybody?" asked Paul.

"Yes," answered the sailor. "I thought you would be looking after him yourself."

The fellow spoke surlily, and moved on.

Paul did not stay to comment.

Phœbe had already followed Jack Foster, who had distanced them all, running along the beach, where the tide was rolling in with long, swift strides.

"He was wild to see the wreck this afternoon, I know," said Paul, coming up with his wife. "He must have tried to get across to her when the rocks were dry, at low tide."

"But you would have seen him when you were up there on the cliff," moaned Phœbe.

"He may have been under the shadow of the ship's side," answered Paul.

"Oh, no, no," sighed she. "The tide has been coming in ever since—ever since!"

"Yes, the tide has been coming in ever since," agreed Paul, sadly.

They ran, but they did not run as fast as Jack Foster, with his slender figure and long lithe limbs.

When they reached the rocks beneath the cliff, where the wrecked ship lay with the water dripping from her decks and lapping up against her sides, they saw that he had leaped out upon the low rocks that were slowly sinking out of sight with the rolling tide, and that he had waded or swum across the remaining piece of water to the foundered vessel. Paul was preparing to follow, when a loud shout greeted them from across the rising stretch of sea.

Phœbe knew it for a shout of joy.

She pressed both her hands upon her heart as though it would burst.

Yes, sure enough, Jack was holding something in his arms.

He had reached a rock that lay beneath the shadow of the vessel's bulwarks, and he was holding up something in his arms.

Paul and Phœbe both knew that that something was their lost darling.

Phœbe began to cry silently, trying to choke down her sobs, but making no effort to wipe away her tears.

Paul drew his sleeve across his eyes, but he laughed aloud as he said, half proudly:

"Well, who would ever have thought the little beggar could have managed to get right as far as there? He's a plucky little chap, and no mistake, but he has had a nice fright for it this time."

"Poor darling!" murmured the mother. "How he must have cried when he looked back and saw that the water had risen behind him! No wonder we didn't see him! He's nearly swamped there under the ship."

"Yes, and it's rising fast, too. Another five minutes would have been too late. It's a mercy that the rocks stand up higher there than they do close in-shore. I think I'll go back for the boat, wife. It isn't safe for Jack to try and swim through those rocks with the child."

He put up his hands and shouted across the water.

Foster seemed to pause a moment, and Paul began to run back to the station.

But presently he stopped.

Phœbe had called to him.

"He's coming," she said. "The water must be rising too fast for them to wait."

They looked again.

"Five minutes while I went for the boat couldn't make the difference," murmured Paul below his breath.

Phœbe detected the misgiving in his tone.

"Is it too late to fetch it now?" said she.

"Yes, it is too late," answered Paul. "I didn't see how high the water was. It must be out of his depth yonder."

"See, he has put Johnnie on his back!" exclaimed Phœbe. "The child is clinging round his neck. Oh, Paul! will he be able to swim with him like that?"

"Lord, yes," said Paul; "Jack is a beautiful swimmer. If it weren't for the rocks and the wash of the waves just at the breaking, there wouldn't ever be any difficulty."

He spoke heartily, but Phœbe knew that there was a misgiving beneath the heartiness.

They saw the tall figure with the little one upon its neck disappear under the waves afar.

Paul began to strip.

"I'll just be ready," he said, in explanation. "It's no use two going after one job, but I'll just be ready."

He jumped on to the slimy bowlders, and leaped from one to the other until he could get into water deep enough to swim.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1490.

The waves were breaking roughly, and the rocks were sharp.

Phœbe stepped down on to the nearest of them, slipping off her shoes and turning up her skirts.

The wan, white glare of the sun, sinking behind the clouds, must have blinded her, for she put up her hand over her eyes.

When she took it away to look out again she could see the figure of Paul fighting against the waves and the breaking of the surf, but Foster and the child had disappeared.

Once more she pressed her hands over her beating heart, as though to still its motion, and still she gazed out over the waves, although that blinding light was always in her eyes, and she could see nothing.

Nothing, until at last, beyond the boundary of black rocks, whose heads were slowly becoming washed and covered by the sea, she saw Paul swimming back again, with a dark mass in his wake.

What could it mean?

She could endure the torture of suspense no longer. The water was not deep enough yet to be out of her depth; without pausing to consider anything else, she waded in.

Paul was swimming toward shore; in his left arm he held the boy, and on his shoulder he bore the body of Jack Foster.

"He must have hit his head against a rock and got stunned," was all he said as he came within his depth, to where Phœbe was standing.

She gave a moan—a long, low moan.

"Stunned!" she repeated. "Yes, yes, only stunned! Carry him ashore, Paul. Give me the little chap, and carry him ashore, dear, good Paul. He'll soon be better."

She held out two trembling arms, and Paul put her boy into them. She hugged the little body to her heart as she waded ashore, rocking herself to and fro as she had done in the morning, and covering the white, wet face with eager, passionate kisses.

There was only this difference—then she had cried, now her eyes were dry. And as she kissed the child she kept saying, wildly, "We will make them warm soon; both quite warm soon."

When Paul had carried his friend ashore, and had laid him on the beach and stooped over him, trying to breathe into his lungs, she still kept saying, in the same eager way, "They will be warm soon, both warm soon, won't they, dear Paul?" It was only when the minutes passed, and she saw that neither the white face on the beach nor that other little white face in her arms showed any signs of life, that she pushed her husband aside, and kneeling down beside Jack Foster, with the boy still in her arms, looked despairingly into his face, and seemed to be struck with a first terrible fear.

"You said he was stunned, only stunned, Paul," she cried, wildly. "Why doesn't he get warm? Why don't they both get warm?"

Then Paul rose and looked at her sadly. "They will never get warm again, Phœbe," he said. "They are both dead."

As he spoke the words there arose a cry upon the wind that was blowing in from the sea; a cry that sent the blood freezing to his heart; a cry as of mind parting from soul; a cry that, as long as he lived, never ceased to ring in his ears.

Then he saw that Phœbe had risen up again to her full, splendid height, and still clasping her dead child passionately to her heart, had thrown herself upon the lifeless body of his friend, Jack Foster.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The first winter after Johnnie's death passed by, and the summer came back, but the smile did not come back to Paul's face.

Of a summer evening, when the sun shone crimson in the west, he would walk up to the pines on the hill and stand there looking down upon the placid meadows beneath the downs, where the cattle wandered beside the stream, until the neighbors grew quite used to seeing his lonely figure beside the great black arms of the mill, and used to wonder at him for choosing to mourn his sorrows above the hop gardens that had been the ruin of his honest savings and the beginning of all his troubles, rather than in the quiet of his own home beside the shore.

They did not know what reason Paul had for choosing the downs above the quiet meadows away from the sea.

They only thought that his shrinking from home was brought about by the mournful sight that he must daily see there.

For every one knew what that sad sight was; every one knew that it was no wonder Paul Crew was a broken man.

His only child lay in the church-yard, and the wife whom he had so worshipped was alive only in name.

When Paul came to her and took her in his arms, and looked into her sad, deep eyes, and spoke to her in his loving, tender tones, there would seem to come to her a vague memory of the life that had been hers with him before sorrow had come her way, and she would smile a sweet, wan smile, and she would put her arms round his neck and kiss him as of old.

But such moments were very, very rare, and the flash of memory would fade almost as soon as it was born, leaving the blank more terrible than before.

It was then that Paul would go away up on to the hill, where he could see the placid fields and the hills that did not change.

He was tired of the restless sea.

The sea had done him so much ill; and the sea was Phœbe's only friend. She would wander beside it for hours, standing on the rocks at low tide and stretching out her arms toward the waves and waiting on the beach when the water was going out till the sands were clear for her to walk on.

She never left it out of her sight. Once, and once only, when Paul had missed her, and was searching for her as was his wont, he found her up in the pine wood on the hill where he had overheard Jack Foster talking with Nan Drew on that star-lit night a year ago.

It was night then, when Phœbe was missing, and he had found her sitting on the ground beneath the pines and crying as if her heart would break.

It was the only time he had ever seen her cry since the day when Johnnie was drowned.

Save for that once she never left the marshland and the shore.

Though the summer passed over again, and autumn gales swept the sea and autumn mists wrapped the land till sometimes at night the marsh would seem to be on fire with the strange vapors that it exhaled, Phœbe would not abandon her quest.

She still roamed the marsh-land and waited patiently upon the beach, and if there was a wreck reported upon the coast, though it should be miles away, she would go to it and search it as though there was something there which she had lost.

But she never brought anything away, and the officers let her do what she liked.

Every one along the coast knew poor Phœbe Crew.

Through the clouds that hurry across the black sky of a bitter winter's night the wan moon steals from time to time.

The mists hang low and thick upon the marsh, carrying fever and death in their chill touch; the waves waste their strength against the high stone towers, and beat their monotonous refrain upon the beach, sucking pebbles and sea-weed back to the ocean as they crawl down to gather new might and volume.

On the surface of the dikes the mist hung lower and heavier than anywhere else, so that to walk along the paths above the margin of the water, where in summer the tall bulrushes make a home for the lapwing and wild-duck, is to-night no easy task.

But Paul does not pause to consider whether the task before him is an easy one or not. All night long he creeps along the banks of the dikes, or roams the open marsh and the desolate seashore, calling a name out into the darkness—calling without any response.

The noise of the waves and the wind drowns his voice; for the gale runs high and the sea is in a ferment, and the needs of men and women are of small account in the great completeness and strength of silent nature.

Till the dawn begins to break he roams that mournful, lonely land. The mists have wrapped him so closely round that they have numbed his senses and chilled even the presence of his grief. But as the dawn breaks he begins to feel it once more.

The cold gray sea breaks upon the beach, the cold gray clouds hurry overhead, the mists rise slowly from off the marsh, and the marsh is empty—empty and sad in the gray light as in black darkness.

And from henceforth the marsh will always be cold and empty to Paul Crew. Many a night he will roam across its blackness, but the sea will never give him back what it has stolen, nor the mist ever give him back what it has mercifully hidden from his sight.

The country folk talk about spirits of the marsh, and they say that there is one spirit who often wanders upon the desolate loneliness of the land; but Paul has never seen the tall, slender figure of which they speak, with wan face and burning black eyes. The mist hides it from his sight; and if it be a spirit of the marsh indeed, the marsh that gave it birth has taken it home to rest.

THE END.

THE "GENESTA" IN DRY-DOCK.

September 2 the British cutter *Genesta* was taken into the Anglo-American dry-dock of Messrs. J. E. **Simpson** & Co. at the Erie Basin. The object in selecting this in preference to a lifting dock, Mr. J. **Beavor-Webb** explained, was that it afforded better facility for scrubbing the copper. Thus, after the yacht was firmly landed upon the blocks and securely shored from each side, the pump of the dock was started, and a couple of courses of copper uncovered. Then the pump was stopped until this was scoured bright with a mixture of oxalic acid, sand, and fresh-water, the copper being afterward washed off with the water of the dock. Then the dock pump was again started, two more courses exposed, and the scrubbing resumed. In this manner, in the course of four hours, the yacht was dry, and her copper polished to the last degree of brightness.

It had been expected that Mr. **Wilson**, the measurer of the New York Yacht Club, would be at the dock to measure the *Genesta*, but he was not notified to come, Mr. **Beavor-Webb**, it was said, having decided to lighten the yacht a trifle, and of course materially lessen her load-line length. With her rounded fore-post and raking stern-post, this line changes rapidly as her draught is diminished or increased.

The figures which Mr. **Beavor-Webb** furnished are as follows: length over all, $92\frac{4}{10}$ feet; at water-line, 81 feet; extreme beam, 15 feet; depth of hold, $11\frac{3}{4}$ feet; draught of water, $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Her mast, from deck to hounds, is 52 feet; topmast, fid to sheaves, $44\frac{1}{2}$ feet; boom, 70 feet; gaff, 44 feet; bowsprit, outboard, $36\frac{8}{10}$ feet; spinnaker boom, 64 feet; topsail club, 42 feet.

As may be seen from the engraving on page 597, the *Genesta* is more full than the ordinary type of British cutter, and her midship section resembles in shape a "U" rather than a "V." There is a slight tumble home just below the water-line, and from that point up her sides are perpendicular. Forward she is extremely sharp, more so than the *Puritan*, but in her midship and after-body she is fuller than the white sloop. The great depth to which the turn of the bilge is carried gives one an idea of great power rather than great speed. She was floated out of the dock September 3, and taken to her anchorage off Tompkinsville, Staten Island, where she received the finishing touches in preparation for the races which are now in progress.

BICYCLISTS BEAT THE RECORD.

The most remarkable feats known to bicycling were performed at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, on Wednesday afternoon, September 2, in the presence of at least seven thousand enthusiastic spectators. The occasion was the two days' tournament of the Connecticut Bicycle Club, and brought together a brilliant array of American and foreign champions, both amateur and professional. There were two hundred and sixty entries and seventy-five riders.

The sport began with the one-mile novice race, which was won by D. W. **Rolston**, of Worcester, in $3.08\frac{2}{3}$. The time of the one-mile open amateur race was $2.48\frac{1}{3}$; the winner, Mr. **Furnival**, of England. This race, by reason of the number of competitors, was run in heats, and the illustration in this number of **Harper's Weekly** is of a critical moment in the final heat. **Furnival**, **Burnham**, and their leading competitors are in a cluster, exerting themselves to the utmost of their bent. They have thrown off every needless incumbrance in the way of dress, and most of them are even without their stockings. Two of the bicycles show the novel feature of a small wheel in front, which is supposed to allow more yield in racing. One of the two came in third best. The time of the five-mile State championship race was $16.40\frac{2}{3}$; the winner, Mr. **Miller**, of Meriden.

Mr. **Ripley**, of Hartford, in the one-mile ride and run, broke the record of $4.31\frac{2}{3}$ in $4.23\frac{3}{4}$, **Foster**, of Meriden, following in $4.24\frac{1}{2}$. Then came the great event of all, the ten-mile open amateur record race, not only long, but most hotly contested by four British riders—Messrs. **Furnival**, **English**, **Cripps**, and **Webber**—and by Messrs. **Gaskell** and **Hunter**, of Boston, Mr. **Snodderly**, of Washington, Mr. **Kavanaugh**, of Cohoes, New York, Mr. **Rowe**, of Lynn, and Mr. **Weber**, of New Jersey. The best riding was done by **Furnival** and **English**, the former leading the first three miles, and the latter the remaining seven. **English**'s time was $31.02\frac{2}{3}$, or two seconds ahead of the record of $31.04\frac{2}{3}$. **Furnival**, being sure of the second prize, pulled up during the seventh heat. **Weber** and **Webber** had an exciting brush for the third prize, but **Webber** came out victorious.

These extraordinary performances have much significance in their bearing upon the possibilities of bicycling in the United States, and are of keen interest to all friends of out-door sports.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

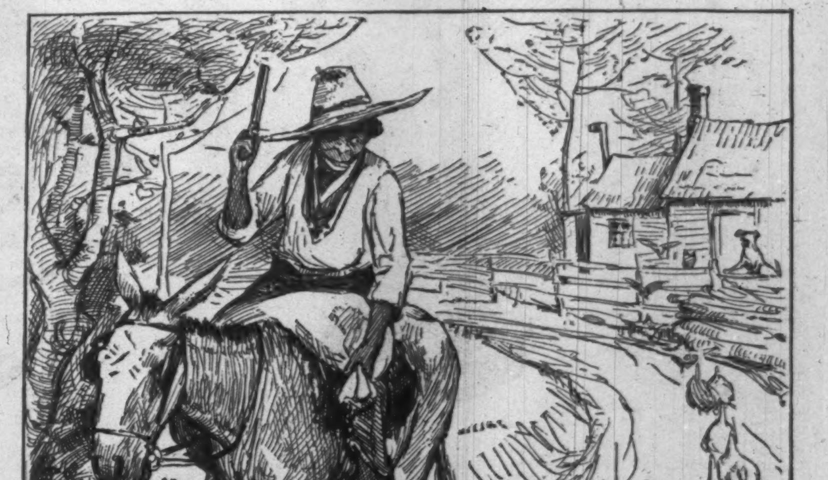
It is said that a young woman, a book canvasser, is working the coal mines of eastern Pennsylvania in the way of her profession. Ten hours a day, according to report, she is a thousand feet or so under-ground urging the miners to buy books; and although miners, as a rule, are not given to reading, many of them never having made even the acquaintance of the alphabet, and although the title of the book, *Our Happy Lot*, might be suspected of affording depressing suggestions to miners, still, it is said, they buy it, because the pluck of the young canvasser awakens their admiration.

To prove the point that notwithstanding the occasional success of the bunco men, the run of people are extremely and unreasonably cautious, a gentleman recently went about the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel holding out a ten-dollar note, and asking everybody he met to give him a one-dollar note in exchange for it, and not one would accommodate him. Maybe that proves that people are unreasonably cautious, but a much plainer inference is that people are loath to engage in a money transaction with a palpable idiot in a public place.

A citizen of Buffalo hit upon a clumsy plan for preserving intact the change which he brought home at night in his trousers pocket, and from which his wife had been long accustomed to help herself as she saw fit. Instead of leaving the change elsewhere, or expostulating with his wife, he caused to be set up in his bedroom a patent fire-and-burglar-proof safe, in which, upon retiring, he carefully locked, not only the change, but the trousers as well; and inasmuch as the trousers were his only pair, he was exceedingly annoyed in the morning at his inability to remember the combination of the safe lock, although the change was safely preserved, as was learned when, at the end of three hours' work by a blacksmith, the safe door was pried off, and the trousers were recovered. So declares the Buffalo *Courier*.

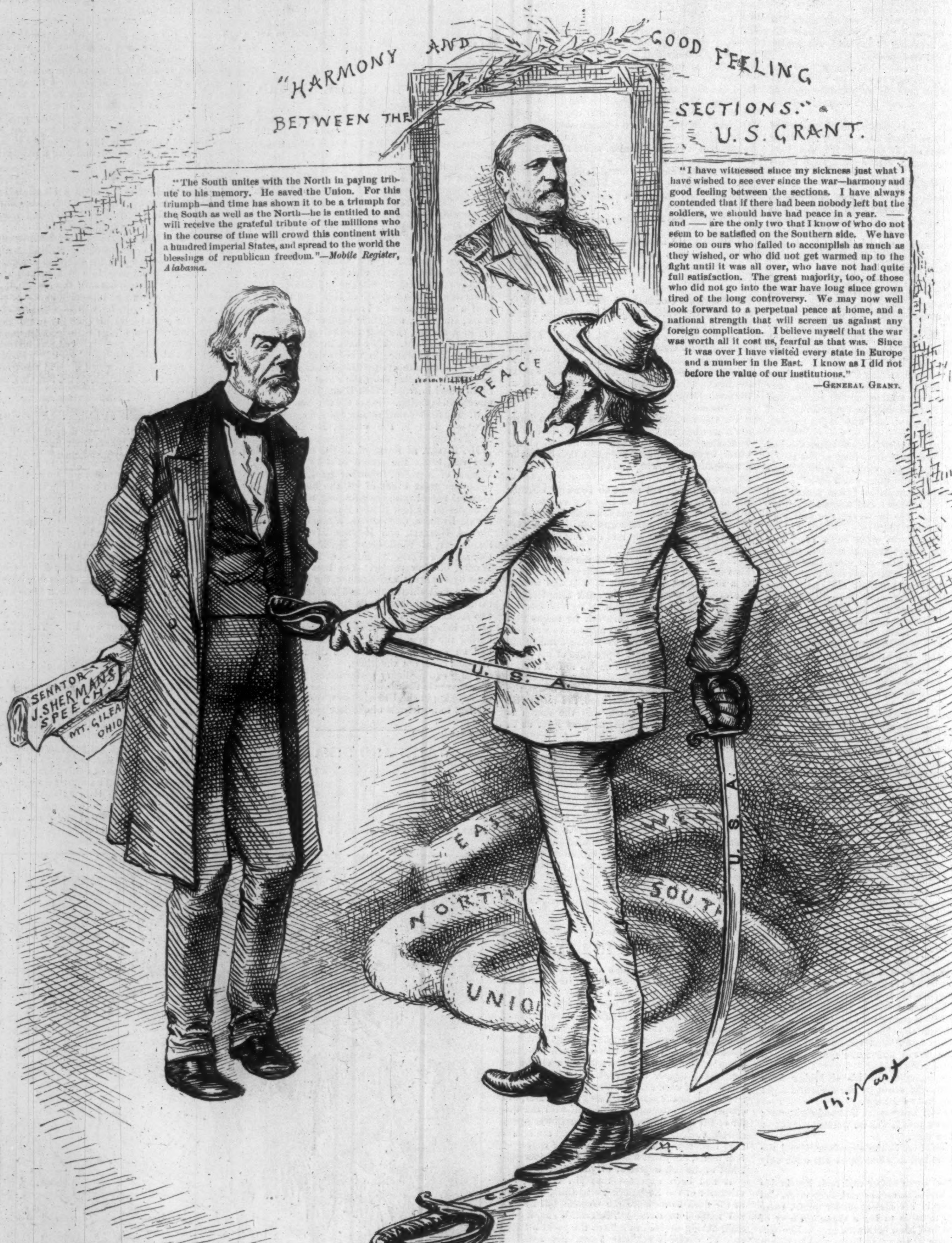
A cow upon a Louisiana plantation encountered a black-snake five feet long in a clump of sage-brush, and after vainly attempting to trample the reptile under her fore-feet, lowered her head and charged upon it, seeking to impale it upon her horns. The attempt was unsuccessful, but the snake coiled itself about the horns and remained firmly fixed there, notwithstanding the cow's frantic efforts to shake or to rub it off. Frequently the snake would half disengage itself from the horns, and its head would play before the cow's eyes, which rendered the cow mad with fright, and "for three hours she ran wildly about the fields, with the blood and foam flying from her lips and sweat streaming from her sides. Mounted field hands tried to throw a lasso over her horns, but could not get near enough, and finally the poor brute dropped from sheer exhaustion and panted out her life. The snake was immediately dispatched."

A Western lumber buyer thinks that if the original black-walnut forests of Indiana and Ohio were standing to-day they would be far more valuable than the farms to make which they were cleared away. Miles and miles of fence in those States, he says, were laid with black-walnut rails. A farmer who began making his farm thirty years ago "spent eight years in clearing it of walnut timber, eighty acres of which he burned up. After thirty years of cultivation the farm is worth $8000. If it had its walnut timber back it would be worth more than $100,000. This farmer is only one among thousands who for years girdled, cut, and burned the great forest they found occupying the land."



GOING TO MILL.

"Chicken's wuf more'n corn ebry day in de week; an' now jes wait till I bring dat procession ub hens down yeah in de woods, an' we'll hab chicken funerals fo' dinnah at our house fo' some time, you jes bet yer eye!"



"The South unites with the North in paying tribute to his memory. He saved the Union. For this triumph—and time has shown it to be a triumph for the South as well as the North—he is entitled to and will receive the grateful tribute of the millions who in the course of time will crowd this continent with a hundred imperial States, and spread to the world the blessings of republican freedom."—*Mobile Register, Alabama.*

"I have witnessed since my sickness just what I have wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections. I have always contended that if there had been nobody left but the soldiers, we should have had peace in a year. —— and —— are the only two that I know of who do not seem to be satisfied on the Southern side. We have some on ours who failed to accomplish as much as they wished, or who did not get warmed up to the fight until it was all over, who have not had quite full satisfaction. The great majority, too, of those who did not go into the war have long since grown tired of the long controversy. We may now well look forward to a perpetual peace at home, and a national strength that will screen us against any foreign complication. I believe myself that the war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every state in Europe and a number in the East. I know as I did not before the value of our institutions."

—GENERAL GRANT.

A FAIR CHALLENGE TO A POLITICIAN.

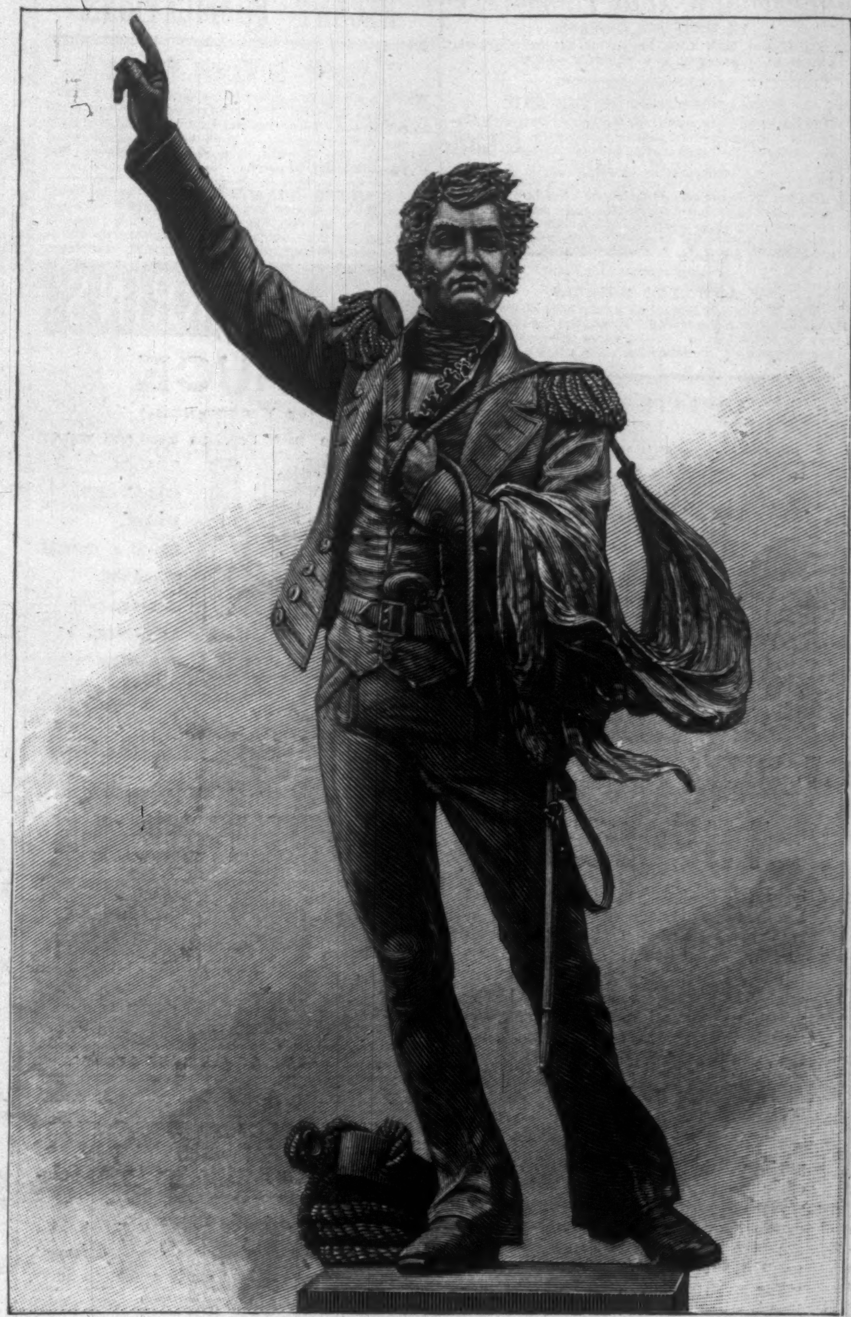
EX-CONFEDERATE BRIGADIER. "Take this, and if you can find any rebellion within our Union, *I'll help you put it down.*"

PERRY AND THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

The Perrys, whose names have adorned our naval annals from the foundation of the government, came of English and Scotch stock. The first ancestor in America was a Devonshire Quaker, "gritty" and polemical, who invaded Puritan land in 1630. After writing a railing accusation against the court of Plymouth, he found it pleasant to leave Massachusetts and enter Rhode Island. His descendant Christopher Raymond Perry was born in 1761, served as a privateersman in the Revolution, was twice captured, and at Newry, Ireland, saw his future bride, Sarah Alexander. Married in Philadelphia after the war, their first child was Oliver, born August 23, 1785. He took the name of his grandmother's husband and son, who in their death, a few days before the birth, were not long divided.

Growing up under good teachers amid the charming society of Newport, Oliver Perry was also the pet of Count Rochambeau, and at eleven was confirmed by Bishop Seabury. In April, 1799, he received his warrant as midshipman, and began his naval training under his father, who commanded the 26-gun frigate *General Greene*. The war of 1812 found him one of the foremost of young naval officers. He was especially proficient in gunnery, and in the list of subscribers to *Toussard's Artillerist*, written at the request of Washington, Perry's name is among the first. It was the thorough familiarity of the American sailor with his long guns, directed by his cool commander, which was to win more flags from Britain in three years than the combined nations of Europe had gathered in a generation.

Yet during the first year of the great sea duels Perry languished in command of the "Newport flotilla" of gun-boats. In vain he applied for active service beyond tidewater; but on offering himself for the lakes, was accepted. Within twenty-four hours after the receipt of definite orders he was in an open sleigh, with his little brother Alexander, journeying toward the wilderness of the Ohio frontier. There, from the virgin forest, Noah Brown was building part of the squadron. Carpenters and material had to come mainly from Philadelphia, the journey occupying from two to four weeks. Incredible toil and protracted attention to details finally enabled Perry to collect a force of nine vessels, of 1671 tons, capable of throwing a broadside of 936 pounds of metal, of which 288 pounds could be fired at long range. His force of over five hundred men was a heterogeneous company, consisting mostly of fresh-water sailors and landsmen. By constantly drilling his scratch crews he made them excellent gunners. The greater and the real glory honestly due to Oliver Perry lies, not in the victory which he gained, creditable to him as that was, but in this preparation and indomitable mastery of difficulties. The capture of the British squadron ensued because of the heavier metal of the Americans, and the happy series of accidents in their favor, so ably turned to advantage by their leader.



THE STATUE OF OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.
Photographed by Ludovici & Lord, Newport.

American pamphleteers and biographers with uncritical adulation magnify the defects of Perry's material and men, and would have us believe that Barclay's ships and crews were of the finest. In repeatedly stating that the British guns numbered sixty-three, while those of the Americans were but fifty-four, they, with mental obliquity equal to that of James, the British naval historian, conceal the fact that the American broadside threw a weight of shot half as much again as that of the British. They do not emphasize as they should the fact that "the stars in their courses" fought against the enemy. The accidents of wind and smooth water, which enabled our numerical superiority of vessels—nine to six—to use their long heavy guns at safe range, were all on our side. When on the 16th of September, 1814, Captain Barclay, with his four wounds, and his surviving officers and men, were tried by court-martial on the *Gladiator*, at Portsmouth, for the loss of their squadron on Lake Erie, they were, as they ought to have been, honorably acquitted. They had done their best.

Barclay found, on reaching Lake Erie in June, 1813, five small vessels, equal in all to a British 20-gun ship. He, like Perry, had to build new large vessels. Sir George Prevost refused him troops and sailors to destroy his rival's unlaunched ships. In building the *Detroit* he had to dismantle the fort at Amherstburg to furnish her with nineteen guns of four differing calibres. The freight on round shot from Quebec was one shilling per pound, powder was ten times as dear as in England, and an anchor cost its weight in silver. The flagship had but one boat, and so poor was the equipment of her cannon that they had to be fired by the flashing of pistols at their touch-holes.

Barclay's scratch crews were made up of Canadians, soldiers, and a few salt-water sailors, numbering in all nearly five hundred men. His six vessels, of 1460 tons, threw 459 pounds at one broadside, of which 195 were at long range. The Americans in number of cannon were inferior, but in mass they were superior. In long-gun metal they excelled the British three to two; in carronades or short-range guns, two to one; in general force, three to two.

Just before the action Perry's fleet was anchored in Put-in-Bay. On the small island called Gibraltar was a lookout, from which on the morning of September 10, 1813, the sentinel discovered the British fleet standing southward, after leaving Malden, on the Detroit River. Perry at once signaled to meet the foes. Barclay, "confronted by famine and by Indian treachery," sailed out to expected victory with the wind in his favor. Perry's vessels had to be towed by their own boats. While thus baffled, and determined at all hazards to engage the enemy, Perry was delighted to find the wind shifting to the southeast. The Americans, easily clearing the islands, moved to battle with the weather-gauge in their favor.

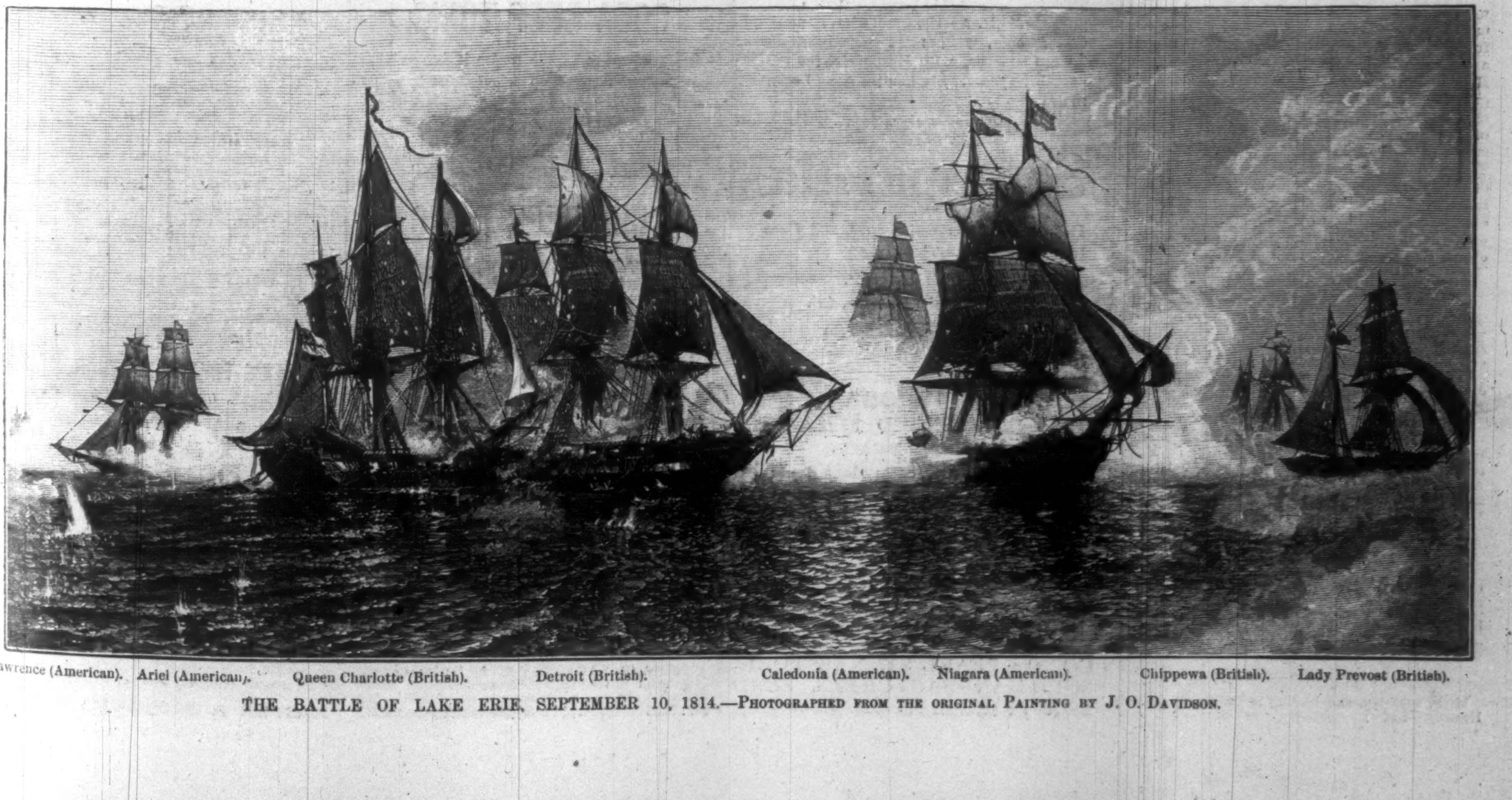
At ten o'clock the ships were cleared for action, matches lighted, the decks wet and sanded, and one whole trying hour of calm and suspense followed. The British line of battle was formed with the *Chippewa* in the van, the *Detroit*, *Hunter*, *Queen Charlotte*, *Lady Prevost*, and *Little Belt* following in order. Perry now arranged his squadron to the best advantage.

The American line consisted of the *Scorpion*, *Ariel*, *Lawrence*, *Caledonia*, *Niagara*, *Somers*, *Porcupine*, *Tigress*, and *Trippe*. The heaviest vessels in each squadron were to confront each other. The British being able to employ at once a heavier battery in a smaller space, had thus the manifest advantage at first. The American line, though a longer and more straggling one, would be able later to take decisive raking positions.

After the bugle blast on the flag-ship, and three cheers from the whole British squadron, the guns of the *Detroit* opened on the *Lawrence* at the range of a mile and a half. The battle, which began in earnest a few minutes before mid-day, was at first a duel, and the head of the American line was crushed. Two hours of effective cannonade of the British "knocked the *Lawrence* almost to pieces," dismounted every gun but one, and out of a crew of a hundred men left but eighteen unhurt.

The best of the American vessels was now a helpless wreck, and Perry was literally driven out of his own ship. The *Detroit* had suffered slight harm, for the enthusiastic gunners of the *Lawrence* had overshotted their carronades, only to pit and dent, but not to pierce the British oak, and to kick over by recoil some of their own guns. The small vessels, the *Caledonia*, *Scorpion*, and *Ariel*, with their long guns and heavy metal, nobly assisted Perry in the *Lawrence*, but the *Niagara* lagged to the rear, and the more distant vessels gave little assistance.

To indomitable courage Perry added Grant-like tenacity, refusing



THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE, SEPTEMBER 10, 1814.—Photographed from the original Painting by J. O. Davidson.

for one moment the thought of surrender. With the audacity of genius he looked to this fresh vessel, and resolved to board her and renew the fight. Calling four sailors to lower and man the only available boat, he with his little brother Alexander stepped into it. The smoke of battle had lowered over the lake, concealing his purpose from the riflemen and cannoneers of the enemy. As he stood in the stern, with the rope cast off, he looked up at his signal-flag inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship," and ordered it hauled down and given to him. A sailor named Sargeant pulled it down, rolled it in a wad, and threw it to Perry, who wound it round his arm. As he shoved off he called out to Lieutenant Yarnall, to whom he left command of the *Lawrence*, "If a victory is to be gained, I'll gain it."

At first, despite artistic license on canvas or popular imagination, the situation of the American commander was not one of great danger. He was decidedly more safe than when on the deck of the now abandoned ship. The smoke of battle overhung the water, and the chief risk was a chance shot. Perry at first stood up, intent only on reaching the fresh ship. This, besides making the boat unsteady, was rash exposure. The sailors first requested, then demanded, that he sit down, which he did, none too soon. The voyage of half a mile under oar lasted about fifteen minutes, and when half over, the smoke began to lift. The boat was descried, and the motive suspected. Carronades charged with grape and long guns with round shot were trained on the lone boat. A curl of little Alexander Perry's hair was clipped by a bullet; an oar or two were splintered; and one shot, fired by Mr. John Chapman, of the *Detroit*, pierced the boat's side with a crash. Instantly jerking off his coat, one of the crew plugged the hole, and in a few moments more Perry was on deck of the *Niagara*. Sending Captain Elliott to bring up the laggard schooners, Perry's next order was to back the mainsail to keep the ship from going out of the action, and to spread such canvas as would bring her into close quarters with the enemy. It is at this critical moment that Mr. Turner's statue portrays him.

Another happy accident now bore Perry to victory. The breeze freshened at once, pushing forward the schooners, and driving the *Niagara* over the intervening half-mile toward the *Detroit*. Once under full headway, the breeze dropped, preventing the commander of the *Queen Charlotte* from executing against the coming *Niagara* the favorite British tactics of a "yard-arm engagement," *i. e.*, after firing a broadside, to board. The wind, again rising suddenly as she was about to execute this manœuvre, so dear to the heart of a British captain of Nelson's days, prevented this, and the scrap-iron or "langrage" of the American carronades having severed the down-haul of one of her sails, she was left at the mercy of the wind. Running foul of the *Detroit*, she became entangled with her. While in this helpless situation the American schooners, coming into action, took raking positions. They swept the British decks with round shot, grape, canister, and scrap-iron, that filled the air with cutlery and the decks with blood and flesh. The *Detroit* was soon like the *Lawrence*—a floating charnel-house. The *Niagara*, shortening sail, moved into the fray, and within fifteen minutes after being boarded by Perry, joined in the murderous but decisive work. At short range, every gun, fired with incessant rapidity, sent heavy charges of grape and canister, while the marines in the American tops cleared the British decks of every one visible. A throng of exultant victors was in a brief time changed into a mutilated mass of shrieking humanity. The British flag was lowered at three o'clock, and the surrender was unconditional. For the first time in Britain's history she lost an entire squadron, won from her by an American naval officer who had seen but twenty-seven years, and had never looked upon the evolutions of a squadron.

One-fourth of the American force on Lake Erie were Rhode-Islanders. Ohio has erected a monument in Cleveland to the man who saved her frontier, and has placed in the national capital a noble painting worthy of the decisive scene. Rhode Island reared a granite shaft over her son's grave. The citizens of Newport have now placed opposite the former home of the hero, at the foot of the Mall, in Washington Avenue, a bronze statue of him. The sculptor is Mr. William G. Turner, himself a native of Newport. Instead of the calm, tranquil, after-dinner look of his portraits, the sculptor has portrayed the moment of earnest action, when, with right arm aloft, he orders the flag hoisted and the vessel's course changed to renew the action.

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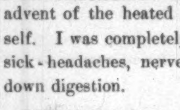

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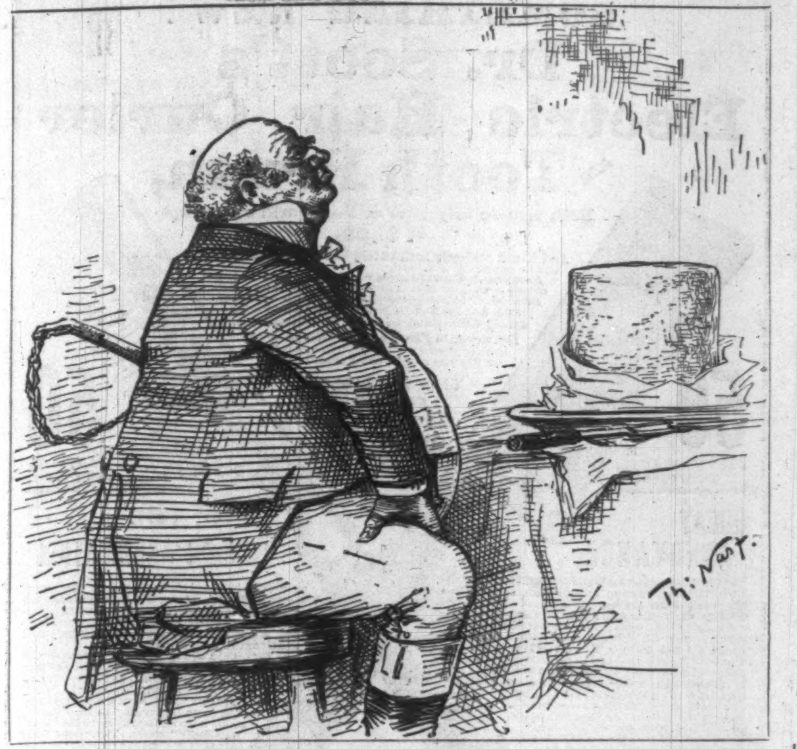

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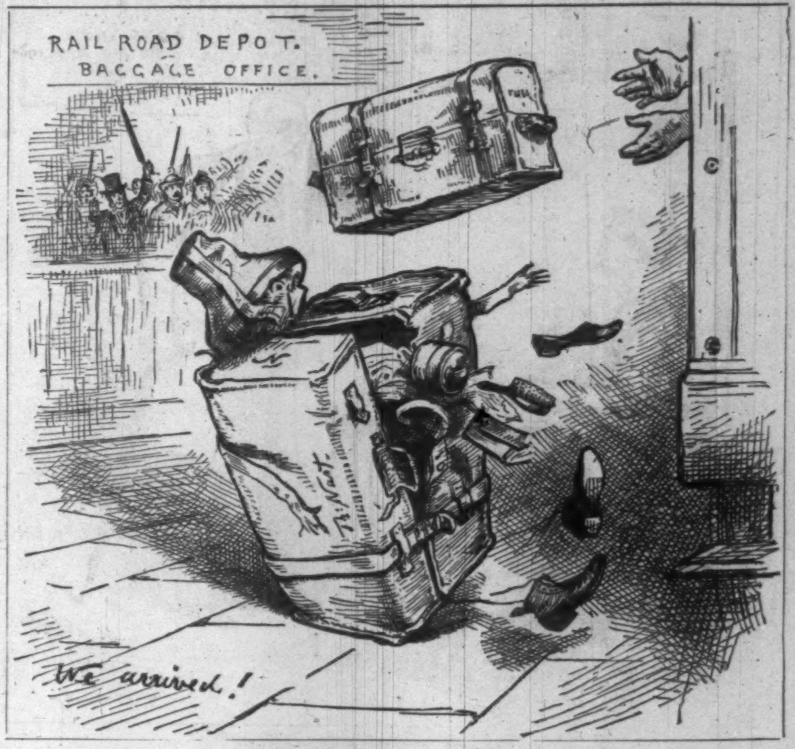
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